

THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

No. 656. DECEMBER 16, 1912. Vol. LIII.

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THE CASE OF POETRY.

In the conditions of current literary activity there are symptoms of a desire to do something for poetry. It is a laudable desire, although its full justification depends upon the assumption that poetry is in need of coddling, and upon the further assumption that encouragement or incentive will be likely to increase its amount and improve its quality. As far as increasing its amount is concerned, we have grave doubts of the wisdom of any concerted propaganda. A large acquaintance with such nurslings of the muses as may be generically described as "Badger poets" has made us perhaps unduly pessimistic. Some hundreds of volumes of metrical exercises labelled poetry come under our observation every year, and we can only say of them with Othello, "But yet the pity of it!" The combination of misguided taste with overweening conceit which alone can account for these vapid outpourings is one of the least lovely phenomena of human nature, and we endure its manifestations only because of the hope that springs eternal in the critic's breast, the hope that this stagnant corruption may perchance blossom when we least expect it into some miraculous flower of song. The hope is sometimes fulfilled, as it was once with us in glorious measure when an uninviting volume came to our hand, eliciting at the first glance only some such reflection as "another tiresome allegory," but upon closer examination revealing such wonders of beauty as we had not dared to dream our age and country capable of produc-
ing. For that volume was "The Masque of Judgment," and it made us understand how a lover of poetry must have felt in 1667, discover-
ing for himself "Paradise Lost," or in 1820,
opening the pages of "Prometheus Unbound."

Genius prepares such surprises for the world from time to time, and no age is too prosaic to admit of their possibility.

We would not then say a word in deprecation of any earnest effort to provoke the poetic spirit into activity, although the fruits of such an effort are likely to prove for the most part innutritive and insipid. The only thing that gives us pause in the contemplation of such stimuli as are offered to poets in the way of prizes or of opportunities for publicity, is the question whether any such encouragements are likely to evoke song in cases where silence would otherwise obtain, or whether their application has any potency to endow the singer with a higher rapture or a more authentically creative expression than would in any case be his.

"In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song,"

and inward compulsion rather than outward incentive seems to be the law of its being. The history of "prize poetry," on the one hand, and the history of genius in its struggle with adversity, on the other, provide reasonable confirmation of this view.

The effort "to do something for poetry" is signalized this year by the launching of two little magazines devoted to the interests of this art. "The Poetry Review," of English origin, is "devoted to the study and appreciation of modern poetry of all countries," and, beginning with next January, will change its periodicity, becoming a quarterly instead of a monthly, thus coming into comparison with our own quarterly "Poet-Lore," which has maintained its noble cause for many years. It will also open in London a bookshop for the sale of poetry, in which "purchases will be strictly optional." The other new venture is Miss Harriet Monroe's "Poetry," the delightful little monthly published in Chicago, to which we have previously called attention. Being generously subsidized, this periodical is assured of at least five years in which to further its aims, and we trust that the end of that term will find it standing securely on its own feet. If it does not succeed in evoking anything new and strange, it will at least have served to bring together in convenient form a considerable quantity of the best current verse. Speaking of the fear expressed in some quarters that it "may become a house of refuge for minor poets," Miss Monroe makes some pointed remarks: "Paragraphers have done their worst for the minor poet, while they have allowed the minor painter, sculptor, actor —

worst of all, architect — to go scot-free. The world which laughs at the experimenter in verse walks negligently through our streets, and goes seriously, even reverently, to the annual exhibitions in our cities, examining hundreds of pictures and statues without expecting even the prize-winners to be masterpieces." The point is well taken, although we find the term "minor" a convenient one for the expression of a fact, and would rather see its use extended to the other arts than tabooed when speaking of poetry. Of course, no artist quite relishes having his work dubbed with this adjective, but the poet who resents being classified as "minor" may be glad that he is called nothing worse. When Mr. Slason Thompson some years ago published an anthology, which he styled "The Humbler Poets," he discovered that several of the men whom he had honored by inclusion nursed a decided grievance, and he was the recipient of letters from them indignantly denying that they were "humble."

In projecting what he calls "The Lyric Year," Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, a New York publisher, has undertaken an extremely interesting experiment in poetical encouragement. The volume for 1912, now published, is thus introduced by the editor:

"If the usual volume of verse by a single author may be termed a *one man's show*, if poems appearing in the magazines may be compared to paintings *handled by dealers*, if time-honored anthologies may be called *poetical museums*, 'The Lyric Year' aspires to the position of an *Annual Exhibition* or *Salon* of American poetry, for it presents a selection from one year's work of a hundred American poets."

Since this publication was widely heralded, and since with the announcement went an offer of three prizes aggregating one thousand dollars, we are not surprised to be informed that nearly two thousand poets submitted works to the jury, and that no less than ten thousand poems were entered in the competition. The result as now published thus represents the winnowing away of ninety-nine per cent of chaff, each of the poems printed being but one out of a hundred of those submitted.

A peculiarly gratifying feature of this exhibit is found in the fact that it includes so many of our best-known names. It is to be feared that all our living poets (now that Moody is no more) are "minor," but there are degrees of minority, and if we may venture to suggest such a thing as "an emerged tenth," we should perhaps find it in the following list of those here represented: Mr. Carman, Mr. Cawein, Mr. Markham, Mr. Scollard, Mr. Torrence, Mr. Woodberry, Mrs.

Dargan, Mrs. Dorr, Miss Peabody, and Miss Thomas. In making this invidious selection, we mean to intimate merely that these ten have perhaps more firmly-established reputations than the remaining ninety, and not that their work is necessarily finer than that of many among the others. And nothing about the whole matter is more striking than the fact that the three prize awards do not go where we would have thought it *a priori* probable that they would go, but instead to three men whose names are absolutely unknown to the general reading public. And yet, comparing with the others these prize poems of Mr. Orrick Johns, Mr. Thomas Augustine Daly, and Mr. George Sterling, we cannot fairly say that the distinction awarded them is undeserved. If they are not clearly superior to all the others, we should hesitate to say that any of the others overtopped them. And it is, on the whole, extremely gratifying that three unknown men should emerge to head the list in such a competition as this. Mr. Orrick Johns, whose poem is thus adjudged the best of the ten thousand submitted, is a youth of twenty-five; he has now become a marked man, and has only to fulfil the promise of this poem to become a famous one.

In one matter only, we are inclined to say a word of adverse criticism concerning this anthology. When the editor confesses that in his selection he "has endeavored to give preference to poems fired with the Time spirit and marked by some special distinction, rather than mere technical performances," we think that he has gone astray. We should like, did space permit, to enlarge upon this thesis, but will be content with referring instead to Mr. Hermann Hagedorn's "Note on Contemporary Poetry" in "The North American Review" for December, which convincingly refutes the critical heresy above confessed. As this writer justly says:

"A poet need not limit himself to-day, any more than in the time of Homer, to the stories and the background of his own age, to speak to it truths which the man in the street will admit are vital, real. Unless he be a rare anachronism, he will express his age unconsciously, even though he sing of the Seven Buried Cities of Cibola."

Quoting from a Japanese critic who says that "American poets bother too much with social reform and what not," Mr. Hagedorn further observes that "social reform is matter for sociology or any other science that deals with the passing manifestations of life, not for poetry. . . . For art, at its best, is not an escape from life nor a criticism of life, but an expansion of life into regions which ordinary human experience cannot otherwise reach."

This argument, coupled with the editor's confession, makes us feel a vague suspicion that among the poems rejected under the false canon there may have been some that would have raised the average excellence of "The Lyric Year," high as that average now is. In any such selection, Art, rather than the expression of the *Zeitgeist*, should be looked to for the decisive test.

CASUAL COMMENT.

NOISE AND THE BOOK-TRADE AND SOME OTHER THINGS are interrelated in a curious manner. Paris, with its steam trams, its gigantic, iron-tired, steam motor-trucks, and its boisterous *fêtes foraines*, or, freely translated, Coney Islands on wheels—not to speak of a hundred other noise-producers—has achieved the unenviable fame of being the least quiet city in the world, or, which is the same thing, worse than New York for quantity and quality and variety of din. So horrid is the uproar that one can no longer saunter with any pleasure up and down the boulevards, or along the quays where the book-booths used to invite to blissful quarter-hour of browsing among rare early editions or other succulent herbage of the literary sort. Hence the book-dealers and others are organizing a chapter in the vigorous young society of the Friends of Silence. Book-writing, no less than book-reading and book-selling, is interfered with by noise, and authors, especially if they be city-dwellers, should be among the first and the most active of the members in this anti-racket confederation. They cannot all afford the luxury of a sound-proof study, *à la* Carlyle, even if sound-proof studies were really sound-proof, which, unless they are suspended *in vacuo*, they cannot be. Mr. Henry Wellington Wack, of the New York Bar, at a recent meeting of the Psychological Section of the Medico-Legal Society, made a vigorous remonstrance against unnecessary noises in cities, pointing out the nervous and other disorders caused thereby, and the waste of energy, as well as of health and comfort, attributable thereto. The nervous belt of the United States he makes to extend in width from Boston on the north to Washington on the south, and thence across the continent; and "this is the region of noise, neurasthenia, hysteria, brain-storms, mythomania, nerve-specialists, money madness, and the asbestos conscience." Eliminate avoidable noises, and the life of the average city-dweller would be prolonged seven years—as the life-insurance actuaries will tell you. "But the average resident of large cities has had his auditory nerves so coarsened, and has trained his voice so harshly, that he is more conscious of the absence than the presence of noise. In other words, he does not feel normal unless the varied stimuli of noise are at play upon his senses. Deprive him of this noise-cocktail and he becomes somnolent; thinks he is dying." Thus Mr. Wack.

Our urban public libraries are not the least sufferers from street noises; their reading-rooms, especially in summer when the windows are open, have more of pandemonium about them than the "still air of delightful studies." . . .

OF THOSE WHO KNOW NOT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY the number is larger than librarians like to admit even to themselves. But the proportion of these non-users to the users of this beneficent institution is certainly diminishing, in our own country at least. The latest report of the Springfield (Mass.) City Library tells us that "the whole number of cardholders enrolled in the present series, which began December 15, 1908, is 30,665. This figure does not include the many persons served by the deposit system, of whom no statistics are available." Springfield's population, as given by the census of 1910, is 88,926. Thus it seems to be safe to conclude that at least one-third of the inhabitants of that typical New England city are library-users. In Boston, whose census figures for population are 670,585, and whose registration figures in the year following that census were 86,913, the library-users appear to number less than thirteen per cent of the inhabitants. In the Baltimore "Sun" there has just come to our notice a letter to the editor deploring the smallness of the number of persons registered as book-borrowers at the Enoch Pratt Free Library, which is virtually the public library of the city. Lament is made that "only about five per cent" of the population are thus registered. Of course there are in Baltimore other beside public libraries that serve many students and readers, as there are in Boston and Springfield, and statistics of all sorts are notoriously deceptive; but the official announcement of such an encouraging state of things as is met with in the Springfield Report is always pleasant to read.

A MEMORABLE FRIENDSHIP was that between Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton. Many of Lowell's letters to Norton—to "Ciarli" as he playfully called him in Italian spelling—are to be found in the two rich volumes of Lowell's correspondence. Some of those written by Norton in reply are now made public in the record of the "Letters of Friendship" series appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly" and composed of selections from Norton's letters to those with whom he was most intimate. Using at first the more formal opening, "My dear Lowell," Norton soon changed this to "My dear James" and then "My dearest James," becoming warmly affectionate and receiving no lesser warmth in return. In a letter of December, 1861, from New York we note the following: "How good the new number of the *Atlantic* is! I have read and reread your letters in it, always with a fuller sense of the overflowing humor, wit, and cleverness of them. You are as young, my boy, as you were in the old time." And in one written soon after Lowell's appointment as Minister to England, the following is significant: "It is an immense mistake, it seems to me, to think it

necessary to live at a great expense as Ambassador. You can live with dignity and propriety in London on the Minister's salary, and be just as much liked as if you spent double, and more respected. I think Motley never gained by his lavishness, but on the contrary exposed himself to criticism that was not unfounded." At the time of the appearance of "Leaves of Grass" Norton speaks in praise of it, and adds: "It is a book which has excited Emerson's enthusiasm. He has written a letter to this 'one of the roughs' which I have seen, expressing the warmest admiration and encouragement. It is no wonder he likes it, for Walt Whitman has read the *Dial* and *Nature*, and combines the characteristics of a Concord philosopher with those of a New York fireman." For other good things in this series of letters the reader will be glad to consult the December "Atlantic." . . .

A PUBLISHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL has passed away in the recent death of Mr. Frank Hall Scott, who had enjoyed four decades of activity in the publishing business in New York, almost half of that time being president of the Century Company. "Enjoyed" is here used advisedly. Mr. Scott's discharge of his duties having nothing of the perfunctory about it. Filled with a sense of the publisher's responsibility to the public, he seems to have regarded the business of issuing books as a sort of educational crusade. What there was in it, pecuniarily, for him, appears to have been his last thought. Toward authors, especially young and struggling authors, he showed a friendly bearing and at times a most unprofessional tenderness of heart. An obituary notice of him tells of his final acceptance of an already declined manuscript. The writer was a woman. Calling upon Mr. Scott after that gentleman had endeavored to make her aware that her literary offering was not desired, she pleaded her cause so well that when the publisher came out from the interview he bore her manuscript in his hand and told his associate, "I've had to take it." "Had to?" queried the other. "Why, how did you come to do that?" "She wept so. What is more, she used up her own handkerchief and had to borrow mine to weep in. I couldn't stand that. I guess we can sell a few copies." Mr. Scott was a Hoosier by birth, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Military Academy, a holder of the honorary degree of L.H.D. from Marietta College, a director of the American Publishers' Association, and was sixty-four years old at the time of his death.

THE POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF A LINGUISTIC MYSTERY is presented in the new theory propounded by Professor Jules Martha of the Sorbonne as to the character of the ancient Etruscan language, that baffling problem of philology that has puzzled scholars for many a century. It appears that he has traced certain resemblances, both in vocabulary and in syntax and inflections, between the tongues of the so-called agglutinative group of languages—which includes the speech of the Finn, of the Lap,

and of the Hungarian—and the hitherto untranslatable language of the prehistoric dweller in Tuscany. Following this scent, he is reported to have deciphered the meaning of a number of Etruscan inscriptions, among them being certain contracts for the sale of land and a prayer to the god of healing; and he has also succeeded in interpreting the least illegible of the writings on the wrappings of the celebrated mummy in the museum at Agram in Croatia. This mummy is of the time of the Ptolemies, but not Egyptian in its wrappings and inscriptions; and the latter are found by Professor Martha to be a ritual for the use of sailors. If the key to Etruscan inscriptions has thus really been found, it will be a discovery of great importance; and if at the same time light is thrown on the anomalous group of modern languages to which the Etruscan is said to bear a striking resemblance, the possible outcome of it all will be doubly interesting.

THE CUMULATIVE RATE OF A LIBRARY'S GROWTH in these days when the multiplication of books goes on in something like geometrical progression, is almost enough to take one's breath away. In a pamphlet bearing the title, "University of Michigan Library, 1905-1912. A Brief Review by the Librarian," a striking instance of rapid library growth is noted. "More books," writes Mr. Koch, "have been added to the University Library during the seven years of my librarianship than in the first sixty years of the history of the University. Or, to put it another way, if the present growth of the Library continues, it will, by December 1914, be double in size what it was when I came to the Library in 1904." With increase in size comes also a more than proportional increase in expense, because, for example, "it costs more to put a book into a large library than in [to] a small one, because more and higher grade labor is required to find whether the book is not already in or ordered for the library. It costs more to classify a book in a large library than in a small one; more time and more skill are required to correctly place a new book in a collection where there are many books in the same field than where there is but a handful of books on the subject." And so with cataloguing and labelling and shelving; so also with keeping in good order and repair, and with meeting the applicant's demand for any specified book, the increased size of the collection necessarily causing more steps, more pages, perhaps a greater number of desk attendants. The small library, therefore, has certain reasons for thankfulness of which it is not always conscious, but to which it will perhaps have its eyes opened in that near future when it shall have become a large library.

THE BOOK-SWINDLER IN THE TOILS of the government drag-net is a sight to rejoice gods and men. Twelve such swindlers of the ever-gullible newly-rich book-buyer have been indicted on the charge of unlawful use of the mails in advertising and selling so-called "de-luxe" editions that have in reality

about the value of so much tinsel; and the drag-net is still out. This praiseworthy action of the public authorities will perhaps serve, among other things, to make more than one owner of what he considers an extraordinarily valuable library open his eyes to the comparative worthlessness of the greater part of his collection. Better had it been for that man if he had spent in hiring the services of a competent librarian a quarter part of the wealth he has thrown away on showy bindings and cheap illustrations; then the other three-quarters might have secured him a library really worth owning. The magnificent collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, splendidly housed and properly cared for, contains not a single example of the book-fakir's unholy art; for his librarian, Miss Belle Greene, is reputed one of the most expert members of her profession, and has had a larger experience in the buying of literary rarities than anyone you will be likely to meet in a long day's journey. Nor is Mr. Morgan himself by any means a helpless innocent in the hands of the persuasive and plausible book swindler. It is safe to say that he knows almost as much, in a large and general way, about rare books as he does about railroads.

THE PHILIPPINE LIBRARY has begun issuing a monthly "Bulletin," the first number containing a brief prospectus and a copy of the "Law Creating the Philippine Library," with a classified list of recent additions to the library. It was three and one-half years ago that all libraries belonging to the Insular Government were by legislative enactment consolidated into the "Philippines Library" under a managing board consisting of the secretaries of Public Instruction, the Interior, and Finance and Justice, with two other members appointed annually by the Governor-General. After many vicissitudes the library has secured good quarters in the old Army and Navy Club building, which will henceforth be known as the Library building; and the entire collection of books under its control, but not all in this one building, numbers more than one hundred thousand volumes. It is to be noted, with some regret, that "a fee of five pesos per annum or fifty centavos per month is charged for the privilege of drawing books from the Circulating Division (American Circulating library)." The other privileges of the library are free. Mr. James A. Robertson is librarian, Miss Syrena McKee chief cataloguer, Miss Bessie A. Dwyer chief of the circulating division, and Señor Manuel Artigas y Cuerva curator of the "Filipiniana Division."

PSEUDO-LATIN, SPOKEN AND WRITTEN, enlivens the monotony of existence by moving to innocent mirth the person sufficiently conversant with his "Harkness" or his "Allen and Greenough" to know something about declensions and conjugations. A New York newspaper prints a large and imposing illustrated advertisement of a limited express train between two principal cities, "bringing these great

metropoli together in daily intercourse." This is even worse than the unfortunate attempt of a recent writer of repute to pluralize *status* by using the form *stati*. The promoter of a certain industrial enterprise wrote us some time ago offering to send a number of the company's *prospecti* for distribution. And, finally, to complete this list of irregular plurals in *i*, the toastmaster at a college alumni dinner not long since allowed himself to refer to the *curriculi* of our higher institutions of learning. Will anyone now question the value of a classical education when it enables the proud possessor of it not only to enjoy a laugh at such grammatical slips as the foregoing, but also, in an unguarded moment, as with the college-bred toastmaster above named, to give cause for mirth in others? The Latinist has joys undreamt of by *ignorami*.

A NOTEWORTHY GIFT TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS has placed it under great obligation to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. He has presented it with a volume containing what is the desire of all American autograph-collectors and the despair of most of them,—namely, a complete set of the "Signers." With an autograph letter preceding the signature in most instances, this collection of the fifty-six historic names affixed to the Declaration of Independence, each in the handwriting of the one to whom it belonged, is a treasure well worth preserving in the national library, which has hitherto, with shame be it confessed, been lacking in any such evidence of patriotic pride. It was probably because Mr. Morgan had learned this fact, with "chagrin and regret," as he says, that he took steps to supply the deficiency. The early damage to the Declaration itself, from unskilful handling in preparing a facsimile of the instrument, renders all the more important this preservation of a set of the signers' autographs on the government's part.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"EXTERNALISM" IN OUR COLLEGES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

There are three good reasons why it is unnecessary for me to reply to the communication of "An American Professor" in your issue of December 1. His protest is against certain positions of your editorial rather than of my article (which I cannot be certain that he has read); the points of issue do not depend upon statements or views for which I am responsible, though I may in a measure agree with them; the points of issue lie somewhat apart from the central theme of my discussion. Yet I cannot expect that those interested in the matter will take the pains to draw these distinctions. The "American Professor," whose lot seems to have fallen in pleasant places, sets forth that his own interests and pursuits have not been seriously affected by the prevalent mode of university administration. To the casual reader this personal statement might give the erroneous impression that such an instance is exceptional. It reminds one of a pre-election anecdote:

the young daughter of the house, after listening to the political views of the guests at her father's table, remarked to the solitary member of the group: "I know some one else who is going to vote for Taft." My own statement of the "American Professor's" case is much stronger than his. I note: "Critically temperate statements admit the enormous power which he [the president] wields to mitigate or to aggravate the evils of the system." I have made it plain that there are many institutions which suffer little from these evils because of the spirit of their administration. There are doubtless hundreds of professors whose activities have not suffered from the system; and in the judgment of a great majority of the professors who answered Professor Cattell's inquiries, there are infinitely more whose careers have been unfortunately affected, and who are strongly opposed to the present form of government. My own opinion is thus expressed: "The successes achieved under the present system are in my judgment partly due to the compensations that lie in every system, however unsuitable, yet more largely to the mitigations exercised under considerations foreign to its temper, more plainly to violations of its provisions,—to concessions and forbearance." If the "American Professor" believes that the privileges which he enjoys would be endangered under the system of larger corporate control by the Faculties, his arguments upon which that belief is founded are entitled to consideration. I have made it plain that in all such discussions it is the average situation, not the best, that is to be considered; and it is the trend favored and the temptations offered (not the result of departure from that trend and the resistance of temptation) that must decide as to the worthiness of one or another form of government. "The unwise authority and false responsibility of the presidential office invites the incumbent to attempt impossible tasks; invites him to adopt irrelevant standards," etc. As to the actual situation, I prefer to accept the cumulative opinion which Professor Cattell has assembled; as similarly in my statements I cited the selected opinions of those who had given careful attention to the subject in an aspect broader than the personal one. This consensus of opinion goes far enough to be most gratifying. The scores of complimentary letters which I have received since my article appeared, I accept as expressions of agreement with the importance of the position which I set forth.

The second issue relates to the undesirable effects upon the student body of some of the forces that maintain the present system. In discussing this point,—one of several and not central, but selected because of its popular interest,—I took care to indicate that I was presenting the summary of the judgments of others and not my own. I cited some witnesses and reflected as best I could the general impression of a large number of papers which I had read. To indicate the bearing of these upon my argument, I said: "Let me concede at once that some of the above trends are within limits legitimate and helpful, and again that they are not wholly or predominantly due to the administrative influence." And again: "Doubtless the causes of the situation so variously complained of, like the cause of the high rate of living, are both deep and wide." The "American Professor" suggests that some institutions deserving to be placed on the blacklist be named, and that I should name them. I fail to see either the pertinence or the profit of the suggestion.

Such a body as the "Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching" might favorably undertake such an investigation and publish reports (as has been done in regard to Medical Schools) that would be helpful if received in the proper spirit,—of which there is at present no guarantee. It may be that if the "American Professor" wrote to some of the more discerning students of tendencies in the American College, he would obtain the names of institutions in which one set or another of the deplored tendencies was particularly marked. Taking the description as a composite photograph—so carefully blended that no individual features are unpleasantly present,—I have no difficulty in recognizing the appropriateness of the whole to many an institution, though it is not a portrait of anyone. Nor have I any intention of adding to the woes of an educational reformer by suggesting even in confidence which one of the sitters for the composite the portrait most favors. If the "American Professor" will without prejudice write the names of a score of American colleges on slips of paper, and draw a few of these at random (unless Minerva in disapproval of the method protects the issue), he will know the names of a few of the institutions to which some of the criticisms moderately apply. Even as I write, my attention is arrested by this wholly incidental sentence in an address by President Jordan ("Science," December 6): "It [the private institution] is above all temptation to grant university titles or degrees to the products of four years of frivolity, dissipation and sham." Such sentences by their very casual nature indicate how widespread this charge has become.

I regret that issues of this type require such large draughts upon personal judgment; but this is inevitable. It is not necessary that they should be rendered yet more uncertain by the undue emphasis of individual experience.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., Dec. 7, 1912.

THE PARALYSIS OF CULTURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

After reading your leading editorial of November 16, on "Our Spiritual Health," and also Dr. Andrews's article in the "International Journal of Ethics" on which your editorial is based, may one reader at least testify to the faith that is still in him? That faith is very much shaken upon occasion by contact with certain people; but those people are neither the readers of Nietzsche nor the Socialists, neither of whom Dr. Andrews gives any sign that he understands even in the most external and remote way. In the first place the doctrine of naturalism is practically dead, and Nietzsche—heralded as the exponent of its "logical outcome" by Dr. Andrews—had a good deal to do with destroying it. As against the "prudential regulation" theory of morals which Dr. Andrews mentions—the utilitarian moral sanctions, that is to say,—Nietzsche thundered valiantly. After reading the English utilitarians, he impatiently exclaims: "Man does not seek after happiness; only an Englishman seeks after his happiness. I seek not after my happiness, I seek after my work."

And as for Socialism, is it not, in spite of its unfortunate but non-essential and obsolescent system of dogma, one of the cultural agencies of the present day? Is it not, indeed, the largest movement against that very spirit which your commentator says "can contemplate the social and political issues of our time . . . with hardly any other emotion than curiosity"? The spirit of personal

culture is strong within the Socialist party ranks. Among the men and women there assembled you may not find interest in the particular classical authors who bound "culture" for Dr. Andrews, but you may find interest in contemporary art, literature, and philosophy, both European and American; and often, too, an appreciative valuing of the human side of Greek literature.

In reality the sinners against whom Dr. Andrews should thunder are neither the materialists (if there are any of them left to bow before his wrath), nor the Socialists, both of whom are obviously seeking "culture" and who are obviously not "indifferentists"—for if they were, how did they arrive at their present unpopular and thought-requiring positions? No, the people against whom Dr. Andrews's fulminations should have been directed are the smug dwellers in his own camp—the "cultured" people and the "religious" people. Not the Socialists, but the orthodox churches to-day are afraid of this attitude which we are now discussing under the hackneyed term of culture. Let any reader attend first a Christian Endeavor meeting or any social gathering of church folk, and then go to a club meeting in any social settlement or to any Socialist assembly, and he will at once detect the difference of intellectual temper between the two groups.

And the nominally "cultured" people simply justify the use of the foregoing qualification when they tell us that their culture is incompatible with the life of the time—even when that life is expressed, perhaps crudely, in Socialism. As against such an idea, true culture says—and the saying shall here be through the voice of Professor J. W. Mackail of Oxford—that the "socialist" motive must dominate the art and poetry of the future. In the Introduction to his "Lectures on Poetry" Mr. Mackail says: "But in the fully socialized commonwealth which, as a dream or vision, mankind begins to have before their eyes, there may be a future for poetry, larger, richer, more triumphant, than its greatest achievements in the past have reached. Poetry will become the nobler interpretation of an ampler life. That vision is in the future. But to some at least, here and now, it is a vision and no dream."

Unless culture means vision, unless it means a sure prophylaxis against the attitude of scolding, while the scolder's eyes are closed, then it is not the genuine attitude but a mere pedantic pose.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

Chicago, December 9, 1912.

COÖPERATION IN BUSINESS AND AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the issue of THE DIAL of November 16, I read with interest Mr. Josephson's communication regarding a proposed institute of business and agricultural research. You are probably familiar with Wilhelm Ostwald's similar plan launched about two years ago, known as "Die Brücke," having, however, a much wider scope. Does Mr. Josephson contemplate any coöperation with "Die Brücke"? If not, why not?

MAX BATT.

Agricultural College, Fargo, N. Dak., Dec. 6, 1912.

[In reply to Dr. Batt's inquiry, I might say that I most certainly contemplate coöperation with the "Brücke," as with many other institutions, national and international, not mentioned in my letter.—AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.]

The New Books.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.*

The two handsome volumes in which the complete creative work of William Vaughn Moody has just been published in definitive form deserve a heartier welcome than any other publication of the year. One of them contains the two prose plays, "The Great Divide" and "The Faith Healer"; the other contains the trilogy—"The Fire-Bringer," "The Masque of Judgment," and a fragment of "The Death of Eve"—the "Poems" hitherto published, a considerable number of later pieces which now for the first time see the light, and a beautifully written memoir of the poet, written by his friend, Professor John M. Manly. Each volume has a portrait frontispiece. We have spoken of these volumes as containing all of Moody's creative work, but this statement requires qualification. Everything that Moody wrote had the creative quality, and for a full understanding of his genius one must not neglect to take into account his scattered writings in prose, chief among them being the introductions to his editions of Milton and of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the school "History of English Literature" which he wrote in collaboration with Professor Lovett. It is pleasant to be informed that another avenue of access to his personality will presently be opened by the publication of a selection from his correspondence.

Nevertheless, the main thing to be emphasized about Moody is that he was a poet by the grace of God, and such a poet as had not been raised up before him in America—or even in the English-speaking world—since the eclipse of the great line of the older singers. The first decade of the twentieth century was the period during which his powers came to fruition, and within which practically all of his work was done. He seems, then, to be the one authentic "maker" that our young century has given to the world, achieving a height that none of his contemporary fellows-craftsmen in the poetic art, either in England or America, could attain. This being the case, it is upon the poems that our attention should be mainly fixed, for the two prose plays, fine as they are, seem almost negligible in the comparison. They show their author as a subtle revealer of human nature and as an expert in psychological dramaturgy, but

they give slight evidence of his deeper inspiration or of the magnificence of his lyrical gift.

Those who seek to discover in the circumstances of his nurture and environment the secret of his power will be completely baffled. Born in 1869 in Indiana—the commonwealth which has been styled, perhaps somewhat unkindly, the Bœotia of America—he was one of the seven children of a steamboat captain. There were English, French, and German strains in his blood, happily blended, as the event proved. He worked for his education, putting himself through school, academy, and college by means of teaching. He took a master's degree at Harvard, and a year later joined the staff of the University of Chicago, where he taught English for seven years. There is nothing in all this which might not be paralleled in the life-histories of thousands of other boys; if we are to look at all for external influences in the shaping of his genius, we shall find them rather in the friends with whom he chiefly had intercourse, and in the scenes to which he was led by the *Wanderlust*. Walking in the Black Forest, bicycling over the Italian mountains, climbing the Dolomites, riding through the Peloponnesus, "roughing it" in the Colorado mountains and the Arizona desert, visiting the countries of the Spaniard and the Moor—these were the recreations of such adventurous days as were vouchsafed him during the years in which his was the common lot of working for a living. He once wrote: "I started in to-day on another quarter's work at the shop—with vacation and restored consciousness three months away." This attitude toward the appointed daily task—when that task is the noble one of teaching—does not, as a rule, deserve approval. But we can hardly blame a man like Moody for assuming it, knowing, as we do, his power to become a teacher in a still finer and broader sense, and realizing how such a spirit as his must chafe under any form of routine. The "restored consciousness" which vacation gave him was a consciousness of the release of faculty which meant for him no hours of idleness, but rather a resumption of sovereignty by the creative impulse, urging to days of the most strenuous spiritual endeavor.

The stupendous task which Moody set himself in the trilogy is the highest which poetry has ever attempted. It is the task of Æschylus and Dante and Milton, the task of Goethe in his "Faust" and of Shelley in his "Prometheus Unbound." It is Milton's attempt to "justify the ways of God to man" coupled with the attempt of the later poets to justify the ways of

* THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. In two volumes. With portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

man to God. It was the Great Synthesis, undertaken by the emancipated modern spirit, the fusing of God and his world into a monistic scheme. "This thought," says Mr. Manly, "is set forth in the first member, 'The Fire-Bringer,' through the reaction on the human race of the effort of Prometheus to make man independent of God; in the second member, 'The Masque of Judgment,' through a declaration of the consequences to God himself that would inevitably follow his decree for the destruction of mankind; in the third member, 'The Death of Eve,' it was intended to set forth the impossibility of separation, the complete unity of the Creator and his Creation." What has been lost to the world through the tragic fact of the poet's death before he had put the last window in his Aladdin's palace may be but faintly surmised. Some hints of his intention were given to his intimates, enabling Mr. Manly to prepare a statement from which we quote. Eve, having survived ages of years, "has undergone a new spiritual awakening, and with clearing vision sees that her sin need not have been the final, fatal thing it seemed; that God's creatures live by and within his being and cannot be estranged or divided from him. Seeing this dimly, she is under the compulsion of a great need to return to the place where her defiant thought had originated, and there declare her new vision of life. . . . In the third act there was to be a song by Eve, the burden of which would be the inseparableness of God and man, during which, as she rises to a clearer and gentler view of the spiritual life, she gently passes from the vision of her beholders." These suggestions are precious enough, but they only make more poignant our sense of loss. We confess that we would rather have had the poem completed than "the story of Cambuscan bold," or the tragedy of the Greek *Götterdämmerung* which was left half-told in the "Hyperion" of Keats.

Moody's mastery of his material was such as only the greatest artists can exhibit. In the trilogy, he shows himself to be equally familiar with the Greek, Hebraic, and Christian myths, to have seized upon their inner significance, and to have saturated his soul with their beauty. And when it comes to that supreme test of the poet, the dramatic lyric, what music is at his command! Listen to the Song of the Redeemed Spirits:

"In the wilds of life astray,
Held far from our delight,
Following the cloud by day
And the fire by night,
Came we a desert way.

O Lord, with apples feed us,
With flagons stay!
By Thy still waters lead us!"

There is no conceivable process of human thought, susceptible of analysis and exposition, which could produce such a song as this. The inspiration of genius will alone account for it, as for the lyrics of Shelley, none of which is more beautiful. And the same thing may be said of the Songs of Pandora:

"Along the earth and up the sky
The Fowler spreads his net,"

and

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay,"

and

"Because one creature of his breath
Sang loud into the face of death,"

and, most wonderful of all,

"I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known."

Lyric utterance in English has never achieved higher and purer strains than these. We may say of them, as Symonds says of the lyrics in "Prometheus Unbound," that they "may be reckoned the touch-stone of a man's capacity for understanding lyric poetry. The world in which the action is supposed to move, rings with spirit voices; and what these spirits sing, is melody more purged of mortal dross than any other poet's ear has caught, while listening to his own heart's song, or to the rhythms of the world." And added to the wonder of it all is the fact that these songs sprang from the heart of one who was with us in the flesh but yesterday, whose eyes and voice and hand-clasp we remember. Half a century hence, it may be matter of boastful pride with young poets to have spoken with one of the college students who in their own youth saw Moody plain.

Nothing could be more superficial, or give more convincing evidence of spiritual blindness than the complaint that has been made against Moody for his choice of major themes, speaking of him as of one standing apart from life because he envisaged it through the medium of Greek and Christian myths. As Mr. Manly justly says: "Moody's ideas, though familiar and indeed in many cases ancient themes of art, are made new and vital by subjection to his temperament and culture and by association with the elements of his spiritual life. In later years his main themes were social and economic injustice, patriotism, the heart of woman, and the relations of God and the soul, the meaning of human life. To the reconception of all these larger issues, he brought the richest intellectual

and emotional endowment possessed by any American poet." The incredulous may retort to this last assertion,

"Du sprichst ein grosses Wort gelassen aus,"

but we believe that time will justify it, and, having once *lâché le mot* in the quotation from Mr. Manly, we hasten to give it our assent. Returning to the original argument, it may be said that even were we lacking all the pieces which are concerned with strictly modern themes, we should still find the modern note dominant in the trilogy, for all its ancient framework. As well say that Goethe's "Faust," because of its mediæval subject-matter, had no significance for the modern world, as say that Moody's treatment of the Prometheus story was a mere exercise in outworn modes of expression. Rather than that, it throbs in every line with the heart-beats of twentieth century thought and feeling, and, so far from harking back to the past, ever opens vistas of the future to our gaze.

The reasons which persuade us that Moody has a place among the great poets may be briefly summarized. In the first place, he deals with the supreme issues of life and thought, with the destiny of man, and his deepest delvings into the mystery of the universe. He has the cultural equipment needed for such a task, and he transfuses its elements in the crucible of his genius until they emerge in new spiritual combinations. His vision is his own, fresh and vivid, and his emotion has unfathomed depths. He takes old themes and images, and "mingles them with unaccustomed but predestined associations." Coupled with his vision is a rich and fervid imagination which seems inexhaustible in its command of metaphor, and which invests his thought with new creative shapes. A beautiful illustration of this is taken from the great Ode, where he speaks of the common grave of Robert Shaw and his negro soldiers.

"Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb
In nature's busy old democracy,
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose."

One would have thought this old conceit was done with by the poets, yet Moody has enshrined it in a form that owes nothing to his predecessors, and that gives it a new significance. He was pre-eminently a sane poet and a sincere one, without a touch of morbidity or preciosity. He loved words for their beauty, and had an almost unexampled power to pack rich meanings into a single epithet. "What names the stars have!"

he once said to us when Antares was mentioned. A word was to him like a jewel, reflecting manifold hues from its facets, or like the note of a violin, with its gamut of attendant overtures, which he made us overhear. And with all this endowment he had the ear for music without which no great poetry is possible. Equally in his lovely lyrical measures, his free dithyrambic passages, and his stately blank verse, he had the sure sense of beauty that was the gift of the Greeks, and of Milton, and of Shelley. We think of Poe and Lanier as our American metrists, and it is probably an understatement to say that Moody was their peer. Now that he is made one with nature, now that our grief for the sufferings of his last tortured days has become softened by the ministry of time, we may take comfort from the thought that no poet could, with firmer assurance, face death with the "Bénédiction" of Baudelaire upon his lips:

"Soyez béni, mon Dieu, qui donnez la souffrance
Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés,
Et comme la meilleure et la plus pure essence
Qui prépare les forts aux saintes voluptés!"

"Je sais que vous gardez une place au Poète
Dans les rangs bienheureux des saintes Légions,
Et que vous l'invitez à l'éternelle fête
Des Trônes, des Vertus, des Dominations."

Who, if not the poet of "The Masque of Judgment," to whom Thrones, Virtues, and Dominations were familiars, could with clearer title look forward to participation in God's everlasting festival?

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

The most original feature of General Schaff's "The Battle of the Wilderness," the thing that signally caught the attention of readers, was its application of epic methods to historic narrative. In the spiritual framework, the supernatural machinery of that book, the author might almost be credited with the creation of a new form in literature. Probably to a good many sincere minds this form was a stumbling-block. A distinguished fellow-soldier said to him, "When you get done with your poetry and get down to history you will write a valuable book." But he did write a valuable book, an unique book, one aglow with vision and emotion. Its peculiar characteristics, its creative artistry, are what make it stand out from the hundreds of narratives and records of the Civil War, though

*THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Morris Schaff. With maps. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

many of these are also told by eye-witnesses and infused with personal emotion.

In essaying again a study of a single phase of the Civil War, General Schaff had two courses open to him. He might either bring back his new-made myths, his figures of fancy that brood above the scene and intermingle with the actors, or he might trust to plain narrative and the dignity of his theme. Very wisely, we think, he has chosen the latter method, except for a few brief and unimportant touches of the old imagination. It is very doubtful whether he could have captured again the thrilling effect of his first creations. A warmed-up mythology of visions and apparitions would have been fatal.

Another thing missing in the new book is the story of personal adventure, which, threading the great, glittering, and gloomy scenes of march and battlefield, made them at once more convincing and lent to them an air of romance and gay high spirits. We must count this a loss; though in wholly suppressing himself in the presence of the last great struggle, the author has obeyed the dictates of the finest good taste. Everything else that was apparent in the earlier book is here: the vivid phrase; the easy prose, pulsing as with the systole and diastole of the heart; the nature-painting, insistent and persistent. Probably no historian has ever set his scene with greater definition of view, more elaboration of foliage and flowers. The hills, roads, streams, houses are as real and vivid as the hosts which struggle and fight among them.

As far as theme is concerned the advantage is all with General Schaff's latest book. The battle of the Wilderness, that confused and indecisive struggle, that almost undecipherable scroll of events unrolled under the glooms of the tangled scrub-oak forest, has neither the unity nor the importance of the final, fatal week of the Confederacy. Each book covers only the operations of a few days, but in "The Sunset of the Confederacy" all the elements of great tragedy appear clear and distinct.

The book opens with a scene out of a novel, — Jefferson Davis and other dignitaries of the South at devotion in St. Paul's Church in Richmond, and the pompous sexton marching up and down the aisle to call each one of them separately out. The lines at Petersburg have been broken, and the end is near. Then follows the panic in the city, the departure of the trains with government officials, the withdrawal of the troops. Lee's seven days' retreat which ensues is told with amazing minuteness and clearness. It is not too much to say that the narrative re-

calls the art in De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" or Tolstoi's description of the rout of Bagration and his Russians in "War and Peace." General Schaff's impulsive prose, which curvets and prances and paws the ground like a high-strung horse, makes good speed and hurries us from side to side of the widespread flight, takes us into Lee's rushing hampered columns and into Grant's relentless cohorts of pursuit. The objectivity, the open-air quality of the style is noticeable, and not less so its waywardness and off-handedness. General Schaff will interrupt a cavalry charge to get down and paint some field flowers or brookside blooming bushes. Yet the whole thing is alive and rushing on.

Let us give a few specimens of the fresh and vivid writing of the book — and first, of its nature painting:

"I wish we could find a good, overlooking spot. How will that little elevation down there in the valley answer; that rises like an old-fashioned beehive on the left of the road and has a brotherhood of four or five big-limbed oaks crowning it, one of them leaning somewhat? Admirably! . . . Well, here we are: oaks spreading above us, at our feet violets, liverwort, and spring beauties scattered among acorn hulls, dead leaves, and clustered grass. What a reviewing stand, and so near the road that we shall be able to distinguish faces!"

Here is a night piece:

"Yet, reader, for loneliness — and every aide who like myself has carried dispatches will bear witness to the truth of what I say — give me a park of army-wagons in some wan old field wrapt in darkness at the dead hours of a moonless night, men and mules asleep, campfires breathing their last, and the beams of day, which wander in the night, resting ghost-like on the arched and mildewed canvas covers."

And here is a battle picture:

"They were now advancing firmly with colors, and there were so many standards crimsoning each body of troops — to their glory the Confederate color-bearers stood by Lee to the last, — that they looked like marching gardens blooming with cockscomb, red roses, and poppies. . . . The road was packed with men, their faces grimly ablaze, colors flying, and over them, like a wavering shield of steel, were their muskets at right-shoulder-shift, as they trotted forward to the sound of the now booming guns; for Gordon's and Fitz Lee's veterans were answering the last call of the Confederacy with their old-time spirit."

Perhaps what most of all imparts vitality to General Schaff's work is the immense gallery of human pictures painted from the intimacy of comradeship or experience. Some of these are full-length portraits, some mere heads, some thumbnail sketches dashed in with a phrase. And there is no West Point exclusiveness in this commemorative work. The author is just as ready to devote a paragraph or a page to some unnamed soldier boy as to the proudest

general. Witness, for instance, the young sentinel in gray who turns back the slave dealer from the escaping Richmond train, or the young lad with brimming eyes who attracts Major Stiles's attention at field service and who next day is shot dead. Naturally, however, most of the portraits are of men of known name. Here is Custer:

"After his promotion to a generality, Custer dressed fantastically in olive corduroy, wore his yellow hair long, and supported a flaming scarlet flannel necktie whose loose ends the wind fluttered across his breast as, with uplifted sabre, he charged at the head of his brigade, followed by his equally reckless troopers, who, in loving imitation, wore neckties like his own."

And here is Sheridan:

"Sheridan is mounted on Rienzi. Look at man and horse, for they are both of the same spirit and temper. It was Rienzi who with flaming nostrils carried Sheridan to the field of Cedar Creek, 'twenty miles away'; and on the field of Five Forks, the battle which broke Lee's line and let disaster in. Before the final charge there, the horse became as impatient as its rider, kicking, plunging, tossing his head, pulling at the bit, while foam flecked his black breast. Sheridan gave him his head, when he saw that Ayres, at the point of the bayonet, was going to carry the day; off sprang Rienzi and with a leap bounded over the enemy's works and landed Sheridan among the mob of prisoners and fighting troops."

General Schaff apologizes for not giving much attention to the greater Union leaders, as he had dealt pretty fully with them in his previous book. Grant and Meade, indeed, are kept rather in the background, save toward the close when the former of course takes the centre of the stage. But Lee is painted minutely and lovingly, on the march, at camp-fire, at council. Lee is the hero of the book. Shall we wonder at this? Is it strange that a Union officer, proud of his army and its leaders, should at the moment of victory draw back, give precedence to a defeated foe, and offer the crown of glory to Lee and his devoted veterans? No! It was their time of tragedy and triumph. Except Napoleon's last campaign before Waterloo, Lee's last year of struggle against the North is the most wonderful thing in modern warfare. General Schaff's final tribute to Lee is too long to quote, but here are its concluding lines:

"No, no eagle that ever flew, no tiger that ever sprang, had more natural courage; and I will guarantee that every field he was on, if you ask them about him, will speak of the unquailing battle-spirit of his mien. Be not deceived: Lee, notwithstanding his poise, was naturally the most belligerent bull-dog man at the head of any army in the war."

Grave and tender and true is the North; gay and ardent and courteous is the South! But we think that for once the South is beaten out of

the field in its own qualities. We doubt whether there is any Southern book more chivalrous in generosity of judgment about Southern leaders than is this; or a more emotional seizure of the passion, pathos, and heroism of the last days of the Lost Cause.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

A POET IN LANDSCAPE.*

This study of the art of Homer Martin by Mr. F. J. Mather, Jr., is of the same form as that on the art of George Inness by Mr. Daingerfield, which was reviewed in THE DIAL some time since. It is a handsome little quarto, beautifully printed, and illustrated with a frontispiece in color and a dozen other reproductions. It is to be hoped that these two volumes are only the beginning of a series of monographs upon American Landscape Painters, and that they will be speedily followed by volumes on Cole, Durand, and Church, and others after as well as before Homer Martin. It will be difficult to find authors as competent as Mr. Mather, who has an intimate knowledge of his subject as well as wide artistic reading and long practice in criticism. One addition may be suggested to such volumes: they certainly ought to have a list of the paintings of the painter they discuss, and, one would think, also a bibliography. They are necessarily expensive books, but their price is doubtless none too much when the typography and execution are considered, as well as the market. As the publisher seems to have done everything that could be asked of him, one would say that the author should do so too. If these books are to be merely attractive tokens of regard to be passed around among friends or to lie on club tables they will, of course, need only typography, pictures, and criticism. If, however, they are really to take the place of authoritative monographs, they ought to appeal to the student as well as to the amateur. And the student, although perhaps not entitled to a bibliography, would seem to be entitled to a list of works. Mr. Mather, of course, has material for a list of Homer Martin's work that ought to be more complete than anyone else possesses; it must be the basis of his work. And if that work is to receive the intelligent criticism which alone will give it the place it ought to take, others ought to have advantage, at least, of his knowledge of where the materials for study are to be found. In

*HOMER MARTIN: POET IN LANDSCAPE. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Illustrated. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

this way a foundation would be laid for a real knowledge of the subject, which would finally be of ultimate use to the student of American art. Mr. Mather's criticism has great and distinguished value; but if it is to remain a real contribution to the history of American painting, if it is to maintain itself above the ordinary dilettante club-talk, it should be reviewed by people who have studied the same materials that he has.

Not having the advantage of any such knowledge of Homer Martin's work as Mr. Mather, and relying on the other hand only on such general information as to American landscape painting as is open to hundreds of others, I can offer but a desultory and slightly founded criticism of the estimate of Homer Martin here offered. If my views appear to be based upon an insufficient knowledge it will be largely due, I believe, to the very lack of opportunity for thorough critical study given not only by this monograph but by most works dealing with the general subject.

And first as to Martin's general position. Mr. Mather says that "Martin frankly accepted the traditional scenic ideal of landscape painting and always remained faithful to it" (p. 15); that he was "the last and greatest expression" of the movement which he himself is said to have called the Hudson River School (p. 16); that "he actually realised what had been merely the ambition of Durand and Cole" (p. 15). I believe that this is very true as far as it goes, but it does not appear to me to go far enough to be really definitive. What was the Hudson River School? What was "the ambition of Durand and Cole"? One would gather from the language that they had the same ambition. That, however, was not the case; they had very different ambitions, and their paintings, which look wholly different even to the haphazard amateur, were the expression of very different ideas. Now Homer Martin, to judge from Mr. Mather's whole treatment, did not have the ideals of either Cole or Durand, nor was his accomplishment like that of either. The painter who realized what had been merely the ambitions of Cole and Durand was Frederick E. Church: he had the grandiose romanticism of Cole and the affectionate naturalism of Durand. Martin would seem to me to have had neither. It may be that I misinterpret Mr. Mather when he speaks of the ambition of Durand and Cole, or of the traditional scenic ideal of landscape painting. He may mean merely the ambition really to present the wonderful and characteristic notes of American scenery, those things wherein America was

different from the rest of the world, those things which might make, or even necessitate, an "American School" of landscape. Those things were, in the mind of Thomas Cole, a glorious liberty and power, wild and often fierce, as expressed in mountain and lake, crag and forest; and such things he loved to paint with romantic largeness. In the art of Durand the dominant idea seems to have been the sufficing energy and strength which created the mountains and forests alike, and hence with him the idea of truth and detail was most important. Homer Martin did not have either of these ideas. Yet as you look at his "Lake Sanford" or "The Sand Dunes, Lake Ontario," you feel as though he had something which superseded both and was naturally finer than either. But just what this "something" was I do not find in Mr. Mather's estimate, and miss it. Mr. Mather shows that Martin had the ability to render the grandeur of form and wide space that seemed to him the dominant factors in the American scene, and to render it in the painter's style; but I do not find that he has anywhere made a sufficient and convincing statement of the matter. The general estimate, however, whether fully stated or not, is a real contribution: it shows critical insight as well as sufficient knowledge; it is just the kind of thing we need.

The second point that I would speak of is the question why Martin was not popular in his later days. He was obviously not, and indeed could hardly sell his later pictures for any sum however small. I note the matter because it seems, very characteristic, and indeed explanatory of Martin's whole life. Mr. Mather makes the fact clear, but says that he will merely note it without comment. His subject, he says (p. 63), is "a particular artist and not the various pseudo-esthetic forms of human vanity." That, of course, is the case, and yet I believe we should have a better idea of what Martin's art really was, if we had a definite statement of why it differed from the art in favor in the later years of the nineteenth century. It was not till after Martin's death that his pictures commanded any sort of price, and then they became so valuable that they were fabricated for the trade. Now it seems to me very clear why a public which in 1890, say, admired Monet and Pissarro, and would certainly buy pictures like those of Twachtman (not to mention other men still living), would not buy the pictures of Homer Martin, and I should say that a statement of the fact would make very clear just what Homer Martin really was.

I should range the leading figures in American landscape somewhat in this way: first (after the very beginners) Thomas Cole, who expressed the predominating romanticism of his time, which soared aloft like a rocket and blazed out into darkness in the work of Moran, Bierstadt, and Church; second Durand, who represented a sort of pre-Raphaelitism which though very pervasive never produced any painter greater than Durand himself; then George Inness, who represents the influence of the Barbizon group and is the greatest man in America produced by that influence; then somebody still living (one needn't say who) who will stand for Impressionism; and finally the painters of our own day. Now among these influences and periods, the place of Homer Martin, as I understand him and his work, is that he continues the ideas of Cole and Durand, in the sense already stated, in the time of George Inness. It appears to me very natural that he was never popular, nor even very interesting.

Not interesting,—except, of course, to those who love beautiful painting without regard to periods or influences or theories or fashions, who can be thrilled by noble emotion even when conveyed by unfashionable technique, and by fine technique even when it has no passion but that of the workman. I love the pictures of Cole; the painting of his time was awful, but I like his grandiose romanticism. I love equally the pictures of Inness, though I cannot say I have much sympathy with his views on the poetry of nature. But there are also a number of painters among our American landscapists who seem chiefly to be painters, without much reference to other people or to any ideas other than their own. Such I take to be Thomas Doughty in our early history, a man who seems to have been quite unable to accommodate himself to the rising passion of his time for crags and cataraacts, lakes and mountains. So he painted persistently glimpses of the Hudson and views of Fairmount Park, for which people cared little in his day and would care little now were it not in recognition of his fine artistic spirit. Something of this sort is Homer Martin, as Mr. Mather presents him to us,—a man in love with the greatness of nature at a time when people were charmed with her littlenesses, a man who would paint a mountain-top or an inland sea at a period when people in tune with their time were absorbed in the poetry of the door-yard, of the pair of bars, of the haystack. Other men with ideas like his own could maintain themselves by the adventitious aid of tropic splendor

or exotic associations. But Martin appealed to nothing adventitious, to nothing that was not of the essence of art. He had the sentiment of grandeur, and he was bent on rendering it grandly. He could not possibly have adopted the combination of the grand ideas of Cole and the nice minutiae of Durand that Church and Bierstadt showed was possible. He came fifty years after Cole and Durand, and he knew a better way of painting than either of them. So he pleased neither the multitude with his fine execution nor the virtuosi with his noble imagination.

What a pleasure to find someone to write and someone to publish a monograph upon an American landscape painter! It is much to be hoped that people will be found to buy and read; but, after all, the writing and publishing are the main thing. I am sure it is as well worth doing as a monograph upon some obscure Italian of the fourteenth century or some Frenchman of the eighteenth. It is certainly much more difficult. With the old-time obscurity you have quite a limited set of facts to work with: different critics will arrange them in different ways, but there are not enough for more than a conjectural estimate at best. With a man of our own, or almost of our own, time, the flood of facts is overwhelming, and the labor certainly is astonishing if the result does not seem very splendid. Would that students of literature would give to American work the toil and the care which they consecrate to often inferior workers of remote time and place. With the tried and tested means of modern criticism what may not be found in the history of art in America, by those who are as capable and as willing as Mr. Mather?

EDWARD E. HALE.

THE SAINT OF ASSISI.*

Since Paul Sabatier published his *Vie de S. François* sixteen years ago there have been over thirty French editions of the work, an excellent English translation, and several other foreign translations. Thus the wonder-story of the great mediæval saint has become known to thousands of modern readers and students, and has been incorporated into text-books and college courses dealing with European history and culture. Yet it is well known that competent critics have

*SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. A Biography. By Johannes Jürgensen. Translated from the Danish, with the author's sanction, by T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

EVERYBODY'S SAINT FRANCIS. By Maurice Francis Egan. Illustrated in color, etc., by M. Bontet de Monvel. New York: The Century Co.

pointed out how warped and misleading much of Sabatier's interpretation is, especially his emphasis on the personality of Saint Francis in conflict with the Church of his time and with the tendencies towards corporate growth on the part of his order. The appearance in English, therefore, of two thoroughly orthodox biographies of Saint Francis, of popular character, will be welcomed by Catholic scholars, while the general reading public will have a chance to make the acquaintance of the saint through these new books. The first of these is an English translation, by Dr. T. O'Connor Sloane, of the Danish scholar Jørgensen's "Saint Francis of Assisi," a detailed and scholarly biography; while the second is a much more popular work entitled "Everybody's Saint Francis," by the well-known American Roman Catholic writer, Dr. Maurice F. Egan. Jørgensen's book has five excellent photogravure illustrations from thirteenth and fourteenth century portraits and manuscripts; while Dr. Egan's simpler chapters are adorned by twenty full-page drawings (eight of them in color) by the famous French artist, M. Boutet de Monvel.

In dealing with the life of Saint Francis, the Danish scholar adopts a reverential attitude towards the sources, and gives a careful narrative account of all that is told on good authority concerning his subject. He does not indulge in critical discussions or excursions, but states his facts simply and briefly. The visions, miracles, and stigmata are either accepted as true or passed over as legends, and we have the story of the saint as known and believed in by his best informed contemporaries and followers. The biography is somewhat symmetrically organized into four books, dealing respectively with Francis as Church Builder, Evangelist, God's Singer, and Hermit; with an interesting appendix, originally the introduction to the Danish edition, on the authorities for the life of the saint. Although the original Danish work appeared in 1906, no attempt has been made to bring this appendix up to date; and its bibliographical value, while considerable, would be much greater had it been revised and new works added. It is evident from the foot-notes that Jørgensen has made very considerable use of the scholarly studies and articles of Professor Götz of Munich, and yet this critic of Sabatier and Muller is barely mentioned in the section on modern authorities.

That Saint Francis was a man of his time, that he was thoroughly orthodox in his theology and in his relation to the Church, and that he

was in sympathy with the early aspects of his Order's growth are the views expressed by Jørgensen. As an illustration of his viewpoint we may cite the following paragraph from Chapter IV. of Book III., in regard to the origin and early character of the Franciscan Order:

"The community of Brothers, which Francis of Assisi had founded, was from the very first an order of *penitents* and *apostles*, and Francis himself was the Superior of the Order. He it was who had written the Rules of the Order and had promised obedience to the Pope, he it was to whom the permission to preach was given, and through whom the others participated therein. It is certain that the first six Brothers had the same right as Francis to receive new members into the Order, but the new members were taken to Portiuncula, there to receive the robe of penitence from Francis himself. This reception into the Brotherhood was regarded as equivalent in weight to the old time *conversion* of the orders of monkhood—by it one left the world with its pomp and glory. As a sign of this the supplicant gave his possessions to the poor."

In such a passage we have no implication of difference of viewpoint as to his Order between Saint Francis and the Church, no hint of a transition of a simple lay order into an ecclesiastical brotherhood of formal character, but merely a simple statement of origin and character. A great deal of the interest and charm of Sabatier's life of Saint Francis lies in the close personal touch between author and subject, and the constant effort to convey what the author thinks were Francis's own feelings and viewpoints. Jørgensen is content to give the historical facts and happenings as he finds them in the sources, and does not attempt any psychological interpretation. The result is that Sabatier is more interesting and stimulating reading, while Jørgensen must be considered as better historical biography.

The work of translating Jørgensen's book from the Danish original has been well done by Dr. T. O'Connor Sloane, though certain curious errors of translation and phraseology indicate that Dr. Sloane is not himself a close student of mediæval monasticism. To call the "Order of Friars Minor" the "Order of Smaller Brothers" seems inexcusable; nor should the well-known "Legend of the Three Companions" be referred to as "the Three Brothers Legend." Other such errors, and many inconsistencies of spelling and usage, might be pointed out; but such criticism is tedious. The index to the translation is only fairly satisfactory, being made up largely of proper names,— "stigmata," for example, is omitted from the index. A useful feature, however, is a special index for the bibliographical appendix, this index being much better than the one for the main work.

Dr. Egan's "Everybody's Saint Francis" is an eminently readable and popular account of the mediæval story of the saint. Appearing originally in a well-known monthly magazine, with the remarkable illustrations of M. Boutet de Monvel as their accompaniment, they were read with pleasure by many persons who ordinarily do not come into such close contact with mediæval hagiology. In its present form the work makes a most attractive gift-book, and will be especially appropriate for those meditating a winter visit to Italy. It is apparent that Dr. Egan's aim has been literary rather than critical or historical. It is the legendary Saint Francis that he is interested in rather than the strictly historical personage. The wonderful story of the Wolf of Gubbio is given in detail, also the story of the birds; and we are told, seemingly in all seriousness, that Francis went among the Mohammedans of Morocco "during the crusade of Saint Louis," though in reality Francis had died thirty-three years before Louis's crusade to Tunis took place. Again, Dr. Egan states that Francis died "in the fortieth year of age," on October 3, 1226, while he gives the date of his birth as 1181 or 1182. Attractively as Dr. Egan tells his story, it is surely to be regretted that he is not more accurate and historical in the handling of his subject. As a piece of brilliant literary description his chapters are admirable, but they have too much of the quality of a fairy tale.

NORMAN M. TRENHOLME.

NEW MEMORIALS OF THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.*

England's famous highways are many and smooth: and on them and from them spreads a network of beaten paths leading to the noble churches which are her priceless heritage from the Middle Ages. Now, as then, these paths are worn by the tramp of countless pilgrims' feet. The fourteenth century pilgrim, however, confined his visits to the great shrines like Can-

*ENGLISH AND WELSH CATHEDRALS. By Thomas Dinham Atkinson (Architect). Illustrated in color, etc., by Walter Dexter, R.B.A. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES. By Francis Bond. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. By James Sibree, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In two volumes. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. By C. Eveleigh Woodroff, Six-preacher of the Cathedral, and William Danks, Canon Residentiary. Illustrated by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

terbury, "the holy blisful martir for to seke, That hem bath holpen, whan that they were seke"; while his secular successor of the twentieth century is urged along by curiosity or the thirst for æsthetic impressions, and is limited only by the conditions of time and purse. From fortress-like Durham to brand-new Truro, from stumpy Carlisle to historic Canterbury, every one of the English cathedrals is sought and scanned by thousands of more or less intelligent visitors. Herded and hustled by the verger, they gaze on the storied beauties of arch and buttress, of transept and towers, of rose window and fan tracery; and then, after inscribing their names in the visitors' book and depositing their sixpences "for the maintenance of the Fabric," they move reluctantly away, wondering how much they can remember of it all.

For these and the stay-at-home readers there has been no lack of literary helps, "before and during and after." The desiccated but trusty handbooks of Murray and Baedeker and the invaluable volumes of "Bell's Cathedral Series" are portable and useful during the visit; but larger monographs and more comprehensive treatises have never been wanting to chide and correct the reader's ignorance, to stir his imagination, and to leave him with an adequate appreciation of the architectural and historical significance of these "masses of gray stone," in which, as Ruskin says, "the mediæval builders have left us their adoration." Mrs. Van Rensselaer's well-known book on English Cathedrals has for twenty years done this great service for Americans so far as the twelve principal churches are concerned; would that she had pushed the plan to completion and had given us the story of the whole thirty-six English and Welsh cathedrals.

That the subject is one of perennial interest would seem to be indicated by the recent appearance, at about the same time, of three books with practically identical titles. The largest of these is by Mr. Thomas Dinham Atkinson, who, in his own words, "has aimed to sketch the histories of our cathedral churches in their broader aspects, and to connect each so far as is possible in narrow compass with the main stream of architectural history"; but also "to approach the subject from the point of view of the architect—the constructor." Following the main line of cleavage between the old monkish foundations on the one hand and those served by secular canons on the other, the author adds to these the foundations of Henry VIII. and the new sees created in modern times, and adopts this

order in his descriptions. Within the two chief divisions—the canons' churches and the monks' churches—the arrangement is topographical, Mr. Atkinson insisting that "the whole of England may be easily mapped out into districts, each with its distinctive manner; which is so easily recognizable that an antiquary alighting from an airship would at once take his bearings from the style of the architecture that he saw about him." The striking characteristics of the two camps are seen in "the vast Norman naves of the monks in almost every church from Norwich to Gloucester and from Durham to Rochester, and in their massy towers from St. Albans to Shrewsbury. The churches of the secular clergy have a warmth of color, a generosity of sculpture, a beauty and certain graciousness of manner, which characterize the fully developed mediæval architecture."

The marked differences between French and English cathedrals are re-told and explained—the long, low, narrow English churches with their central towers, square east ends, and western transepts contrasted with the short and wide plans, lofty vaults, and faintly emphasized transepts of the French—the trim lawns and immemorial elms which lend an air of peaceful seclusion to Salisbury set over against the high-shouldered roof of Amiens rising far above the huddled town at its feet. Of these and kindred features Mr. Atkinson writes with professional authority, and in a clear, succinct style which keeps the pages free from any load of technicality. The story of each church is made graphic by plans and photographs, and alluring by softly beautiful colored plates, which give to the dome of St. Paul's its true misty atmosphere and make the spire of Salisbury like one of Constable's pictures of it (without the rainbow). There is a good index, and a useful chart showing in vertical columns the "biography" of each cathedral. Few slips are to be noted: in the Latin inscription over Wren's tomb "urbs" should be "urbis"; and the insertion of the word "Salisbury" after "the new town" on p. xxi. would make for clearness. On the whole, this is an excellent one-volume presentation of a fascinating and wide-spreading theme.

In Mr. Francis Bond we have an old acquaintance as a guide, philosopher, and friend for the study of ecclesiastical architecture. The first edition of his "English Cathedrals Illustrated" was published in 1899, and was soon accepted as a standard work, in spite of the fact that it contained no ground plans, so indispensable to reader and visitor alike. The work now appears

in a fourth edition, with various important changes. Beside supplying the ground-plans, Mr. Bond has rejected the time-honored nomenclature of Rickman and others, which "attempted to thrust the history of every cathedral into a Procrustean framework of Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular periods. . . . In this volume the actual building periods are treated separately, and no attempt is made to cram them into arbitrary imaginary compartments." This seems pretty strong, in view of the acceptance of the traditional divisions by most authorities and the fact that so good an authority as Mr. Bond was willing to accept them only thirteen years ago.

Having settled the way in which the biography of each church should be studied and the interpretation of motive of the different builders, Mr. Bond adopts the following classification of English and Welsh cathedrals: 13 of the Old Foundation (pre-Conquest); 13 of the New Foundation, receiving a dean and secular canons at the Reformation; and 10 of modern foundation. He then proceeds to describe them in alphabetical order, keeping the four Welsh cathedrals by themselves, and reserving for the concluding chapter a brief account of Birmingham, Liverpool, and Truro. He writes with the full knowledge obtained from professional training and repeated personal visits to all the cathedrals. To his keen technical interest he adds the ardor of an enthusiast, which occasionally passes into something like extravagance; and his superlatives are as numerous as they are—pardonable. Everyone who has visited the English cathedrals has felt the strain on his emotional nature as he contemplated the special feature or features of each—the octagon of Ely, the spire of Salisbury, the stained glass of Lichfield and York, the situation of Lincoln and Durham, the east windows of Carlisle, York, Gloucester; and it is difficult to speak of such glories with a chastened vocabulary. Each is the best at the time; and we can smile with sympathy at such passages as the following, which seem to warn us that if Exeter remains unvisited all is lost:

"Whatever else, then, the student and lover of Gothic architecture omits, he must not fail to visit Exeter. He will find it fresh and different from anything he has seen before. Its unique plan, without central or western towers, the absence of obstructive piers at the crossing, the constantly uninterrupted vista, the singleness and unity of the whole design, the remarkable system of proportions, based on breadth rather than height, the satisfying massiveness and solidity of the building, inside and outside, the magnificence of its Purbeck piers, the delightful color contrast of marble column and sand-

stone arch, the amazing diversity of the window tracery, the exquisite carving of the corbels and bosses, the wealth of admirable chantries, screens and monuments, the superb sedilia, screen and throne, the misericords, the vaults, the remarkable engineering feat from which its present form results, the originality of the west front and of the whole interior and exterior, place Exeter cathedral in the very forefront of the triumphs of the mediæval architecture of our country."

Mr. Bond's eulogies, though highflown, are not indiscriminate. He passes a severe and merited criticism on the defects of St. Paul's, some of them Wren's own, some forced on him by the prejudice and ignorance of others. For example, the change from Wren's first plan of a Greek cross to that of a Latin cross brought with it the vaulting of the nave with small saucer-shaped domes—a most unhappy introduction to the majesty of the central dome. And the unfortunate dead wall on the sides of the church, reaching from aisle windows to cornice, is condemned by Mr. Bond in vigorous terms. He quotes with approval another writer's characterization of it as "the most unmitigated building sham upon the face of the earth"; and adds, "It has absolutely nothing to do at all except to hide away some flying buttresses—the very ugliest eye ever saw—which Sir Christopher might well be reluctant to expose to the jeers of the man in the street. . . . It has been urged that it was built to weight the foot of each flying buttress after the manner of a Gothic pinnacle. But not even a Gothic baby would have provided continuous abutment for intermittent thrusts."

Aside from extremes of praise and blame, Mr. Bond's style is generally alert and convincing. He is decided but not bigoted; and gives generous space to other people's impressions, reproducing a large part of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's well-known description of Lichfield, which has almost become a classic. Plans and illustrations abound, the latter from excellent photographs; and help to round out very satisfactorily this useful and handsome book.

The Rev. James Sibree is a genial and well-informed clergyman who has all his life cherished a hobby for English church architecture. As a lad, his first visit to Lincoln opened his eyes and roused his interest; and though for forty-five years engaged in missionary work in Madagascar, his furloughs have been largely filled with visits to his first loves; the result being a work in two small volumes, appropriately bound in episcopal violet. Instead of Mr. Atkinson's division into monks' and canons' churches, and Mr. Bond's alphabetical arrangement, Mr. Sibree follows

geographical lines,—Vol. I. being devoted to the northern cathedrals, Vol. II. to the southern; which after all is a pretty good plan. So we are taken at once to York, Carlisle, and Durham, and ten others; the remaining nineteen and the four Welsh cathedrals being reserved for the second volume.

In spite of his modest disclaimers, Mr. Sibree turns out to be a delightful guide and companion, with plenty of affectionate enthusiasm tempered by sound judgment, and plenty of literary as well as architectural perspective. He is a good specimen of the English parson at his best, honestly proud of those historic fabrics which have kept their existence through centuries of Catholic gorgeousness, the simpler glories of the Protestant ritual, and the ill-timed assaults of Puritan iconoclasm; and he is delighted to show them to all who will come with him. His little book is well buttressed (the word seems appropriate) with various kinds of helps and props for readers' memories. There is, to be sure, no index; on the other hand, there is a table showing the periods of English architecture according to the time-honored nomenclature eschewed by Mr. Bond; a series of block plans, useful as showing the comparative sizes of the cathedrals, from lordly York with 63,800 square feet of surface down to little Oxford, with its 11,800; a glossary of architectural terms; a good bibliography; and an abundance of illustrations from photographs. A sketch map shows the distribution of the English and Welsh cathedrals, their nearness to the coast suggesting the slow progress of Christianity to the interior of the island. Another novel feature of the book is an excellent anthology on cathedrals, selected from British and American poets and prose writers.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more exhaustive history of any building than is comprised in the "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral," by C. Eveleigh Woodruff, one of the "six-preachers" of the Cathedral, and William Danks, residentiary canon. The design of the work, which is a thick octavo of five hundred pages, has been "to write a trustworthy, complete, and compendious account of the Cathedral from the earliest times to the present day." As is well known, the history of Canterbury falls into two great divisions: first, its existence as a Benedictine church and convent from early Saxon days down to the sixteenth century; second, its conversion by Henry VIII. into a secular foundation with dean and canons, which remains the régime of to-day. To accomplish the au-

thors' purpose, it has accordingly been necessary to confine the range of view strictly to the church and its custodians, namely, the prior and convent before, and the dean and canons after, the "Reformation" of the sixteenth century. From this aspect it is remarkable how the priors loom and the archbishops dwindle. The range of the Primates was nation-wide, sometimes continental; but the prior and his monks stayed at home with their beloved church, building and expanding, watching and tending, its material fabric. They were the real tenants and housekeepers: the Archbishop was too often an absentee landlord, who visited his cathedral only to meddle and disturb. So in this deeply interesting narrative we read more of Ernulf, Conrad, Eastry, Chillenden, Goldstone, and Sellinge than of even Becket, Stephen Langton, Rich, Chichele, Cranmer, Pole, Laud, and Juxon.

Our two writers have collaborated with marked success. Mr. Woodruff's initials are appended to a majority of the chapters; while to Mr. Danks we owe, among other things, a long but valuable chapter on "The Life of the Monastery," a vivid and informing picture of mediæval conventual life. The authors have written with full knowledge based on long residence, first-hand examination of the archives, and a discriminating use of such standard authorities as Somner's "Antiquities of Canterbury," Willis's "Architectural History of the Cathedral," and Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury." The book is well supplied with illustrations from drawings by Mr. Louis Weirter, and with tables of all sorts of details pertaining to the economy of the "metropolitan" church, from the marketing accounts of the mediæval convent down to the last stop in the modern organ. These minutiae are for the curious in such matters; and do not interfere with the success of the work's aim to be both compendious and readable.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

A BATCH of nine new volumes in the "Home University Library" (Holt) serves to deepen our impression of the admirable character of this series of handbooks of modern knowledge. The series now numbers fifty-five volumes, each having its definitely circumscribed subject, each subject treated by a competent hand. Among the new volumes, two in particular arrest our attention: "The Colonial Period," by Dr. Charles McLean Andrews; and "Great American Writers," by Professors W. P. Trent and John Erskine. The latter volume is a brief history of American literature, emphasizing the importance of the great names, yet neglecting nothing of significance in our literary annals.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

II.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

"South America" (Macmillan), "painted by A. S. Forrest, described by W. H. Koebel," as its title-page announces, is indeed a book in which the artist's share is more conspicuous, even if not in reality more considerable, than the author's. Seventy-five pictures, full to overflowing of local color in an almost dazzling brilliance of tint, meet the eye as one turns the broad pages of the handsome volume; and this brave display accords well with Mr. Koebel's chapters on what he considers to be the continent "which at the present time holds more romance than any other out of the great divisions of the world." But it is, as he insists, "no longer an area populated in parts: it is a continent of powerful and growing nations." He begins his descriptive matter with Argentina, then follows with Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Guiana, Paraguay, Peru, and Uruguay, and closes with the northern republics, Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela. In the opening of chapter seven one suspects a misprint, rather than a confusion of thought on the author's part, in the assertion that "from the ascetic point of view Paraguay leaves little to be desired"; for the writer proceeds to tell us how the country glows with flowers, abounds in tropical luxuriance of verdure, and, in general, "is not wanting in colour and life." "Artistic" may have been written or intended, not "ascetic." Certainly the country seems to have left Mr. Forrest little to desire from the artistic point of view, since eight strikingly brilliant pictures illustrate the short chapter devoted to the Paraguayans and their wonderful land, whose atmosphere Mr. Koebel finds to be "generally that of romance." Large print, an adequate map, and a four-page index are among the welcome features of this tropically luxuriant volume.

Almost ninety years have passed since Robert Chambers wrote his "Traditions of Edinburgh," a book twice remodelled and enlarged by him, and now for a third time revived and placed before the public in an edition enriched with thirty illustrations in color and more than twice as many pen-and-ink drawings, a map of the city, old and new, a few additional notes, and an index. Mr. James Riddell is the artist, and he has done his part in a way to please all who open the book. The quarto size of the volume admits of unusually large plates, and they are rich in their color effects, while the pen-and-ink sketches have a quieter charm. The author's preface to his edition of 1868 is reprinted, and it will interest the reader to learn the circumstances attending the first issue of the book. "This little work," we are told, "came out in the Augustan days of Edinburgh, when Jeffrey and Scott, Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, Dugald Stewart and Alison, were daily giving the productions of their minds to the public, and while yet Archibald Constable acted as the unquestioned emperor of the publishing world. I was then an insigni-

nificant person of the age of twenty; yet, destitute as I was both of means and friends, I formed the hope of writing something which would attract attention. The subject I proposed was one lying readily at hand, the romantic things connected with Old Edinburgh." The subject proved fruitful even beyond expectation, the old inhabitants contributing willingly and abundantly of their early memories; and thus came into being the earliest and perhaps still the best of the informal guide-books to Edinburgh that have appeared in such quantity and variety. In its latest form it is a volume of imposing proportions and handsome appearance. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf, popular lecturer and expert photographer, has turned his skill with pen and camera to good account in a richly illustrated volume of travel in Palestine. "A Camera Crusade through the Holy Land" (Scribner) contains three short preliminary chapters on "The South," "The North," and "Jerusalem," touching especially on the Bible associations recalled by different scenes in the course of the author's travels; and then follow the camera views themselves, each a full-page plate, with an appropriate scriptural quotation and a number of Bible references on the opposite page. The landscapes are all admirable for clearness and finish, and animals and human beings are caught in lifelike pose. There are one hundred of these pictures, the frontispiece, showing a woman of Samaria, with a water-jar on her head, an infant on one arm, and two little girls at her side, being colored with much verisimilitude. The cover of the book, with its red cross on a gold shield, and other appropriate decorations, is aesthetically satisfying.

The spell of Egypt has been given attempted interpretation by many artists, but by none more successfully we should say than by Mr. Walter Tyndale, R. L., whose volume on the Pharaohs' country published a few seasons ago will be remembered as a gift-book of unusual charm. Mr. Tyndale's several Egyptian sojourns since that time have now borne fruit in a new book entitled "An Artist in Egypt" (Hodder & Stoughton). Unlike many of his fellow-artists, Mr. Tyndale knows how to write as well as to paint, and his spicy record of personal impressions and experiences is decidedly worth while for its own sake. But the pictures are still better. These consist of twenty-seven reproductions in full color, separately printed and mounted on blank pages, within a border of gold lines. They portray with remarkable skill and charm and opulence of color-effect the picturesque scenes of Cairo and its neighboring country. A minor feature of the volume worthy of particular mention is the design for the end-leaf, depicting in soft tints a camel train moving across the moonlit desert. For the past or prospective visitor to the Nile country we could suggest no more appropriate gift than this handsome volume.

Another agreeable and useful volume about Edinburgh and the surrounding country appears in Mr. Francis Watt's "Edinburgh and the Lothians" (Stokes), with colored illustrations by Mr. Walter

Dexter, R.B.A. The term "Lothians," less familiar to most Americans than to Mr. Watt and his fellow Britons, seems now to be confined to the counties of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, and Haddington—Midlothian, West Lothian, and East Lothian, respectively—though in early days Lothian meant all that part of the Scottish lowlands between the English border and the river Forth. Naturally it is with Midlothian that the present volume chiefly deals, touching especially on the historic buildings and the literary and art associations of the Scottish capital. The remaining ten of the book's twenty-nine chapters take the reader to such historic places as Hawthornden, Roslin, Haddington, Dunbar, North Berwick, and Tantallon Castle. The artist has chosen some of the most interesting scenes for his brush, giving us pleasing glimpses of Holyrood and Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh Castle from Greyfriars Churchyard, Roslin Chapel, Linlithgow Palace from the Loch, Tantallon Castle, and other memorable buildings and picturesque views. A map of the Lothians would have been an acceptable addition to this excellent and attractive volume.

A quick eye for whatever is novel and distinctive in Norwegian character and Norwegian customs, and for the charms of Norwegian scenery, is possessed by Mr. Harold Simpson, as proved by his fresh and stimulating volume entitled "Rambles in Norway" (Estes). He rambles with a fine resolve to be pleased with whatever he encounters; and so his chapters bear such headings as these: "An Enchanted Voyage," "A Haven of Peace," "A Perfect Day," "The Garden of the North," "The Call of the Mountains," and "The Wonderful Geiranger." But there is one less cheerful chapter, entitled "An Unfortunate Day," which chronicles the discomforts of a journey from Vossevangen to Gudvangen behind a lazy horse and in the rain. The Rambler found the conditions for rambling peculiarly favorable in Norway, especially for one not overburdened with worldly wealth. Excellent inns with a daily charge of not more than five kroner (or about five shillings) are met with outside the large cities, and on the coastwise steamers the satisfactory quality of the food seems to be only equalled by the steward's indifference as to whether payment is tendered or that trifling formality is omitted altogether. The book, both in its reading matter and in its many illustrations, colored and monotone, inspires a desire to ramble among the lakes and fjords and mountains of the land of the midnight sun.

After his wanderings in London, Paris, and Holland, Mr. E. V. Lucas turns to Italy and gives us "A Wanderer in Florence" (Macmillan), which concerns itself chiefly, as was to have been expected and desired, with the art and architecture of the city of Giotto and Michelangelo and Brunelleschi. Appreciative readers will value the book not so much for what it tells us, which is more or less matter of common knowledge, as for the manner of the telling. Describing the art treasures of the Accademia, he counsels the visitor, before leaving, to

"glance at the tapestries near the main entrance, just for fun. That one in which Adam names the animals is so delightfully naïve that it ought to be reproduced as a nursery wall-paper." And he proceeds to point out some of its delightful naïvetés. Concerning Giotto, he thinks that Ruskin has hurt that artist's reputation by taking him peculiarly under his wing and persistently calling him "the Shepherd," thus making him appear "as something between a Sunday-school superintendent and the Creator." But Giotto had a dry humor of his own, as proved by his reply to King Robert of Naples when that monarch said to him on a very hot day: "Giotto, if I were you I should leave off painting for a while." "Yes," returned the artist, "if I were you I should." Sixteen Florentine views are given in color, the work of Mr. Harry Morley, and there are thirty-eight half-tone reproductions of famous masterpieces in painting and sculpture.

Mr. Adolphe Smith, who claims "a lifelong acquaintance with the Principality of Monaco," is the author of a large book, "Monaco and Monte Carlo," which holds within its covers more information about that anomalous little country and its famous gambling casino than any other one volume known to us. Mr. Smith has participated in a number of international conferences at Monaco, and has otherwise had opportunity to learn about all that is to be learned concerning the subject of his book. It is a strange community that he describes, "a small principality where, proportionately speaking, more money is spent on local government, on public works, on the promotion of original research, on the arts and sciences, than is the case in any other part of the world" — and all without a penny of taxation other than the indirect taxation imposed on users of tobacco and matches and perhaps a few other things. The festive foreigner pays practically all the bills, and the *croupier* collects the revenue. It is all an absorbingly interesting story that Mr. Smith has to tell, and he is well seconded in his undertaking by Mr. Charles Maresco Pearce, who contributes eight colored drawings, while the camera is responsible for forty-eight uncolored views. The book is substantially and handsomely bound, and its typography is of the best. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Introducing his "Cities of Lombardy" (Macmillan), Mr. Edward Hutton says: "It is my purpose in this book to consider the nature and the history of this country, to recapture and to express as well as I may my delight in it, so that something of its beauty and its genius may perhaps disengage itself from my pages, and the reader feel what I have felt about it though he never stir ten miles from his own home." Mr. Hutton's chapters treat historically and descriptively of a dozen or more Lombard cities, and he has been ably seconded in his undertaking by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, who contributes twelve exquisite illustrations in color. The blue of the Italian sky is caught — and perhaps a little too much of it occasionally — in these sunny views of beautiful north-Italian scenes. There are also twelve half-tone

illustrations of merit in their mechanical way. No lover of Italy can fail to find enjoyment in the volume. It is of convenient size for the hand or the pocket, has a map adequate to the reader's needs, and an index.

In little more than two years the greatest exposition ever undertaken, as the San Franciscans proudly maintain, will open its doors in celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal; and it is not too soon to begin reading up about the wonderful city where that exposition is to be held. Mrs. Helen Throop Purdy has prepared a full account of "San Francisco, as it Was, as it Is, and How to See it," and Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. have issued the volume in style similar to that of their earlier books, "California the Beautiful" and "The Vanished Ruin Era." Paper and print and illustrations, board covers and jacket, — everything is in brown of varying shades. Twenty-seven chapters give the city's early history and later fortunes, describe its chief points of interest, furnish glimpses of the men who have made it famous, advise the reader how best to see its noteworthy features, and in closing touch briefly on its environs. Maps of the bay region, the city itself, and the exposition site at Harbor View, are added. More than two hundred illustrations from photographs and other sources make visible to the eye much that is described in the text. It is all a stirring and a remarkable story, this account of a city founded by the Spanish, given a new birth by American gold-hunters, and stimulated to fresh vigor by the ravages of fire and earthquake.

Oxford is pictorially treated, with fine effect, in a volume of colored views, with brief descriptive and historical notes by Mr. Edward C. Alden, author of a useful guide-book to the University. "Fifty Water-Color Drawings of Oxford" (Estes) appears to be the work of more than one hand, though most of the illustrations bear the signature "W. Manhison." Glimpses of many of the college buildings and along the High Street and elsewhere, with interior views of Christ Church Cathedral, outlooks on the Isis and the Cherwell, and peeps inside some of the quadrangles, are given by the skilful artists whose work is so agreeably reproduced in the book. A certain fondness for purplish tints is manifest in not a few of the pictures, but no two persons see nature in exactly the same colors, so that one need not complain. The short accompanying comments to the views are welcome in their judicious mingling of description and dates. The plates are loosely attached to dark brown leaves, and each is faced by a page of notes. Buckram and pasteboard, with an Oxford scene on the front cover and the university coat of arms on the back cover, constitute the binding.

The picturesque and the mediæval, says Mr. Albert B. Osborne, were what he went to find in his first and all subsequent visits to Europe; and in "Picture Towns of Europe" (McBride) he gives with pen and camera, and in a few instances with pencil, if we

mistake not, some of the results of this quest. His chapters and his illustrations present in very inviting form some of the picturesque and the historically interesting aspects of Clovelly, Mont St. Michel, Carcassonne, San Gimignano, Bussaco, Cintra, Toledo, Ronda, Bruges, Middelburg, Ragusa, Salzburg, Gruyères, Rothenburg, and Hildesheim. A map of that portion of Europe visited by the author is appended. Northern Europe, as he acknowledges, he has still to explore; but for the picturesque in western and southern Europe he has had his eyes open, to good effect. The book has a striking cover-design, and its many illustrations have unusual charm.

Some part at least of the fruit of his travels in the Holy Land is offered to his readers by the Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., in a little book appropriate to the Christmas season, "Where Heaven Touched the Earth" (American Tract Society). Its nine chapters treat of Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Wilderness of Judea, the Sea of Galilee, Jacob's Well, Gethsemane, Calvary, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Mount of Olives. Colored illustrations, chiefly from photographs of scenes in the Holy Land, are interspersed, and a pleasing cover-design adds to the book's attractiveness. Dr. Myers's chapters abound in suggestive comment, literary and historical allusion, and frequent reference to the scriptural account of the events that have made memorable the places visited by him. His book, convenient in size for the pocket, would be a good companion for the tourist in Palestine; but its readers will not be restricted to the tourist class.

HOLIDAY ART BOOKS.

Though the history of American painting and sculpture has engaged the service of many pens, a full account of the reproductive graphic arts in this country would be hard to find. Mr. Frank Weitenkamp attempts to supply this lack in his careful and interesting work, "American Graphic Art" (Holt), whose declared purpose is "to group scattered facts in a brief but clear review of the whole field of American graphic art. It is not intended to present a detailed list including every artist who may have practiced any of these arts in this country, but to offer a survey that will bring out salient or characteristic personalities and tendencies." The fifteen chapters of the book treat successively etching, early and modern; engraving in line and stipple, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; mezzotint (the art of rock and scraper); aquatint and some other tints; wood-engraving, and the new school of the same; painter-wood-engraving; lithography as a business and as an art; the illustrators; caricature; the comic paper; the book-plate; applied graphic art, from the business card to the poster. Illustrative plates to the number of thirty-seven are scattered through the book, but no attempt has been made to reproduce the colored poster or other colored print. The specimens of work in black and white are well chosen and interesting. Of peculiar historic interest is the reproduction of Paul Revere's copper-engraving

of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, a print only recently discovered in the New York Public Library. There is also given a reproduction of the first known wood-engraving executed in the colonies,—John Foster's portrait of Richard Mather. The work of such noted modern etchers and engravers as Whistler, Mr. Timothy Cole, Mr. Joseph Pennell, the late Howard Pyle, and many others, is represented among the plates and receives notice from the author. It is a large field to attempt to cover in a single volume, but what has been done within that limit appears to have been well done. Mr. Weitenkamp is Chief of the Arts and Prints Divisions of the New York Public Library, and author of "How to Appreciate Prints." The present volume will be prized by print lovers.

The popular series of "The Art Galleries of Europe" published by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. receives an important addition this year in Mr. Charles C. Heyl's tasteful volume on "The Art of the Uffizi Palace and the Florence Academy," to which are added notes on the minor museums of Florence, with a bibliography, lists of artists and their works, and an index to the book. Fifty illustrations from photographs serve to give an idea of the chief masterpieces of painting and sculpture described by the author, whose purpose has been to omit the details of technique and to bring his readers face to face with "the great, eternal, living soul" of the artist's work, "touching sympathetically upon such elements in the intellectual intent and content of the productions as may afford the keenest enjoyment, coupled with the most complete understanding and appreciation." His first chapter, entitled "The Genesis of the Renaissance: the First Religious Revival," gives the suggestive story of San Giovanni Gualberto and the founding of the monastery of Vallombrosa. The treasures of the Pitti Palace, having been treated in an earlier volume of the series, are omitted in the present work. As a popular guide to the art galleries of Florence, the two volumes together appear to leave little to be desired. The illustrations, though small, are beautifully clear, and the commentary abounds in pertinent information and judicious criticism. Externally, the issues of this series are attractive to the eye.

A noteworthy contribution to the literature of the fine arts is made by Mr. George Leland Hunter in his scholarly and handsome volume on "Tapestries: Their Origin, History, and Renaissance" (Lane). "To me personally," he declares, "tapestries are the most interesting and delightful form of art, combining as they do picture interest with story interest and texture interest." The picture interest and the story interest are to be found in the book's numerous illustrative plates (four of them in color) and in the author's accompanying commentary; the texture interest one can fully appreciate only by studying tapestries themselves. Where the most famous of them are to be seen may be learned from Mr. Hunter's pages, as also the historic significance and the peculiar merits of these wonderful products of the weaver's

and the dyer's art. His chapters treat of the renaissance of tapestries, Gothic tapestries, Renaissance tapestries, Flemish and Burgundian looms, English looms, the Gobelines, and other famous tapestries, some details as to the texture of tapestries, designs and portraits in tapestries, signatures and makers, shapes and sizes, the Bible in tapestries, history and romance in tapestries, light and shade and perspective, the care of tapestries, tapestry museums, sales, expositions, and books, the tapestries in the Metropolitan Museum, and other related subjects. The frontispiece is a colored reproduction of the "Vertumnus and Pomona" tapestry in the Casimir-Périer collection, a work of art valued at \$120 000, and the most perfect Beauvais-Boucher tapestry ever seen by the author. This and the other colored prints suggest remarkably well the rich harmonies of some of these masterpieces. The half-tone illustrations give a good idea of the design. A full bibliography and index are provided.

Miss Helen W. Henderson's profusely illustrated work on "The Art Treasures of Washington" (Page) is the fourth and latest addition to the handy and attractive series on "The Art Galleries of America." The purpose of the book, as explained on the title-page, is to give "an account of the Corcoran Gallery of Art and of the National Gallery and Museum, with descriptions and criticisms of their contents; including, also, an account of the works of art in the Capitol, and in the Library of Congress, and of the most important statuary in the city." The unwise legislation of a Congress not famed for its discriminating love of the fine arts has so burdened the capital with examples of the showy and futile that one is in danger of losing sight of the lesser number of genuine masterpieces to be met with in a tour of the Washington galleries and other public buildings. Hence the need of some such intelligently selective guide and critic as is furnished in Miss Henderson's manual. In addition to paintings and sculpture she gives especial attention to the National Museum's collection of aboriginal American pottery, the largest and best exhibition of its kind in the world. Sixty-six reproductions from photographs illustrate the volume, which also contains a bibliography and index.

Successive phases of the artist's life from age to age are illustrated in Mr. Stewart Dick's volume on "Master Painters: Pages from the Romance of Art" (Small, Maynard & Co.). Its dozen chapters begin with the monkish painters of the fifteenth century and close with Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites. The three chief stages in this progress of art are found in the monastic period of painting and illuminating, the period of the *bottega* or workshop, and that of the art schools. In each and all the creator of beauty has commonly lived a life apart, building up a world of his own, as Mr. Dick says, while the material world "has become an automaton; it is wound up, and the stream keeps pouring out relentlessly useful things, useless things, but all things that will sell, and all dead things. The artist is

forced to take refuge in a backwater if he would produce living work." Photographic reproductions of sixteen masterpieces of art are scattered through the volume. No believer in "the glory and good of art" can fail to find enjoyment in Mr. Dick's sympathetic treatment of his theme.

To one unacquainted with the progress of artistic photography, the exhibition of present-day camera work contained in the 1912 volume of "Photograms for the Year" (New York: Tennant & Ward) will come as a revelation. Almost every sort of subject available to the painter seems to have been utilized in these hundred-odd plates, and often with artistic results of a surprisingly high order. In this volume, the seventeenth annual issue of the work, the page size has been increased very considerably, thus affording opportunity for reproduction on a worthier scale than obtained in the previous volumes. Besides a general review of the year's work by the editor, Mr. F. G. Mortimer, there are nine brief articles by various hands dealing with progress and developments in the field of camera work throughout the world. The amateur photographer who finds this book in his Christmas stocking is likely to be a very satisfied person.

HOLIDAY EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Many years ago, in the wilds of Central Africa, where Dante, Homer, and Shakespeare were often his sole companions except the natives, Mr. H. B. Cotterill conceived a desire to translate the "Odyssey." At last he has been able to accomplish his purpose, and a hexameter version, in a volume of quarto size, clearly printed on heavy paper and adorned with twenty-four drawings by Mr. Patten Wilson, is the gratifying result. It was a rather bold venture to translate Homer in the metre of the original, so little has popular favor hitherto smiled on this exotic form of English verse. Longfellow's "Evangeline" is accepted for other beau ies than those of its metre. However, there is no conceivable form of Homeric translation that has not its own peculiar weaknesses. Those who are familiar with Homer, or even only with Virgil in the original, and thus have their ear attuned to the six-foot measure of these poets, will easily fall into the swing of Mr. Cotterill's verse; others are likely to trip occasionally, especially over certain proper names whose English accent has yielded to the "quantity" of the original syllables, as in the line, "Hailing from Dulichium, of the choicest youths of the island," and "Him sage Telemachus addressing in turn gave answer." In its spirit, the translation is truly Homeric, the language simple and dignified, the faithfulness of rendering all that could be expected under the restrictions of metre. The artist's drawings are in many instances finely conceived and of great beauty. (Dana Estes & Co.)

Goldsmith could not have wished for a better set of illustrations to his comedy. "She Stoops to Conquer," than those designed with keen appreciation of the humors of the piece by Mr. Hugh Thomson

in an elaborate edition from the house of Hodder & Stoughton. The play, thus issued, with twenty-five colored plates and other drawings in line, makes a volume of quarto dimensions running to nearly two hundred pages. Heavy paper and large type are used, with broad margins and richly decorated binding, end-leaves of appropriate design, and an embellished box. Mr. Thomson's water-colors—for such is their appearance in reproduction—have often a Watteau-like delicacy and grace that is very pleasing, while the rude joviality of certain other scenes is also well depicted. Nothing short of seeing the play itself well staged and acted could convey a fuller enjoyment of its merits than this fine setting provided for it by artist and printer and binder.

Hardly a year passes now that does not witness a fresh attempt to interpret one or more of Poe's poems by aid of pictorial illustration. The latest noteworthy effort of this sort is on the part of Mr. Edmund Dulac, who has made twenty-eight colored pictures for a sumptuous edition of "The Bells, and Other Poems" (Hodder) in a quarto volume of imposing appearance in its elaborately embossed, cream-colored binding, with print of the largest, margins of the most generous width, and paper of the heaviest. The illustrations are striking for their color-effects, and often too for their drawing. No one but Poe could have evoked such creations. The picture to "The Haunted Palace," for example, is a veritable nightmare in color and design, that to "Alone" is beautifully expressive, those to "The Bells" are what Poe himself might have been glad to be able to draw. Other smaller illustrations in a single tint head some of the poems, and all have a character appropriate to their theme.

The spirit of romance breathes in Mr. W. Hatherell's illustrations to "Romeo and Juliet" in the elaborately ornate edition of the play issued this season by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Twenty-two of these pictures, rich even to the verge of excess (or perhaps beyond it) in coloring, and frequently of striking and beautiful design, are scattered through the book. The charm of Juliet's young beauty is now and again successfully caught, and the conception of her old nurse is excellent. Large print, heavy paper, generous spacing, broad margins, a graceful cover design in green and gold—these are among the book's attractive features. It is a substantial quarto in form, and is provided with a box appropriately ornamented.

A request for a list of the flowers named in T. B. Aldrich's poems, in order that the garden of the Aldrich memorial house at Portsmouth might have growing in it all the flowers so mentioned, called forth from Mrs. Aldrich a copy of all the lines wherein the desired names occurred. Thus not only the blossoms themselves, but also the accompanying foliage, so to speak, the poet's widow has offered to such as choose to accept the floral gift. A thin volume of exquisite design, entitled "The Shadow of the Flowers" (Houghton), contains these passages from Aldrich's poems, with drawings in harmony

with the text from the pencils of Mr. Talbot Aldrich and Mr. Carl J. Nordell. The right-hand pages alone are used, and the verses as well as the drawings above them appear to be the work of the artist's pencil. Flowers and bits of landscape make up most of the illustrations, with an occasional human figure. The cover design shows a part of a wild rosebush, with accompanying verses. The book is neatly bound in light-gray boards with linen back.

The effect of a richly illuminated manuscript is produced by Mr. Alberto Sangorski's decorative setting to the "Sermon on the Mount" (Estes). Chapters five, six, and seven of St. Matthew are written out in black letter, with elaborate initial letters done in gold and colors, and with a special border for each page. Each leaf is double, so that only one side of the paper is printed on, and the creamy tint suggests parchment or vellum. Holman Hunt's painting "The Light of the World," in Saint Paul's Cathedral, is reproduced for the further ornamentation of the volume. In elaboration and splendor, these decorative designs are noteworthy exhibitions of the illustrator's and illuminator's art. The first and last verses are in red, and rubricated initial letters also sprinkle the page.

The world never wearies of Mrs. Gaskell's little masterpiece, "Cranford." Every holiday season there will be, somewhere and in some form, a new edition of the story, perhaps more than one. This year Mr. H. M. Brock, R.I., has drawn half a dozen pictures in cheerful colors for a well-printed reissue of this little classic. The costumes, the graces, the old-fashioned formalities, of Miss Matty, Mr. Holbrook, Captain Brown, and other characters in the story, are well depicted by the artist, and add a fresh charm to the simple narrative. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

HOLIDAY FICTION.

Nineteen stories, told with Dr. Henry van Dyke's well-known charm of manner, are grouped in the volume entitled "The Unknown Quantity" (Scribner). The thread uniting the stories their author calls "the sign of the unknown quantity, the sense of mystery and strangeness, that runs through human life." The sub-title to the collection, "A Book of Romance and Some Half-Told Tales," calls forth a further word of explanation in the preface. Interspersed between the longer stories are a number of "tales that are told in a briefer and different manner. They are like etchings in which more is suggested than is in the picture. For this reason they are called Half-Told Tales, in the hope that they may mean to the reader more than they say." The mere names of some of the stories, since nothing more can be given here, will serve to hint at the richness and variety of the volume. "The Wedding-Ring," "The Ripening of the Fruit," "The King's Jewel," "The Music-Lover," "An Old Game," "A Change of Air," "The Return of the Charm," "The Mansion"—these and other titles have the true ring to the story-reader's ear. Good illustrations, both colored and in black-and-white, are provided by

various artists, and a cheerful design in blue and gold enlivens the book's exterior.

Mr. Jack London's popular story, "The Call of the Wild,"—the tale of a noble St. Bernard dog stolen from his California home and pressed into sledge service in Alaska, where he finally reverts to the primitive condition of his kind and runs wild as the leader of a pack of wolves,—celebrates its decennial anniversary by appearing in an elaborately-illustrated holiday edition (Macmillan). Mr. Paul Bransom has provided the stirring and touching narrative with a great number of appropriate illustrations, both full-page color plates and smaller colored and uncolored drawings. A first-rate story to begin with, the tale thus reissued becomes more alluring than before, and will doubtless win for itself many new readers.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne addresses his readers in parables in "The Maker of Rainbows" (Harper), a collection of fourteen fairy tales and fables supposed to have been found by an old-clothes dealer in one of the pockets of a poet's dress suit which the poet had sold in order to get money to buy a rose for his sweetheart; so that, with this touching story of the careless and improvident poet, there are fifteen tales in all, one of them being poetry in form as well as in substance. Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green has illustrated the book with two colored and three uncolored drawings, in harmony with the tone of the text; and the rainbow-maker himself, a cheery grinder of scissors and knives, is brightly depicted on the cover in the midst of a group of eager children.

Mrs. Barclay's popular success of last year, "The Following of the Star" (Putnam), has followed the example of others of her widely-read romances and gone into a richly illustrated and ornamented holiday edition, handsomely bound and artistically boxed. Mr. F. H. Townsend has provided eight colored pictures, Miss Margaret Armstrong has designed the page-borders and other decorations, and the printer has not been lacking in the proper discharge of his important duties. The vivid illustrations harmonize well with the reading matter, and in every way this sumptuous volume appears to be what an edition de luxe of Mrs. Barclay's novel ought to be.

Republished in holiday book form after its serial appearance, Mr. Robert W. Chambers's "Blue-Bird Weather" (Appleton), with seven illustrations by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, makes as pretty a love story as any young girl need ask for. It is the tale of a duck-shooting expedition in which the duck-shooter loses his heart to the pretty daughter of the keeper of the shooting box where he puts up, and of course it all ends as it should and they live happily ever after. The narrative is brisk, the pictures good, and the book, well printed and neatly bound and jacketed, shows nothing to find fault with—unless one chooses to take exception to a rather glaring error in a Latin quotation. But the lover of love stories will not allow so small a matter as this to disturb his or her enjoyment of the romance.

Miss Zona Gale's story entitled "Christmas" (Macmillan) appears fittingly at this time of the year in artistic book-form, with half a dozen brightly cheerful pictures in color by Mr. Leon V. Solon. The very names that greet the eye in its pleasant pages are an earnest of good things in store for the reader. Old Trail Town is the scene of the rural drama, and such names as Mary Chavah, Ebenezer Rule, Tab Winslow, Jenny Wing, Mis' Mortimer Bates, and Buff Miles are borne by the actors. The book is attractively bound in cream-colored cloth, richly decorated in green and red and gilt.

MISCELLANEOUS HOLIDAY BOOKS.

A pleasant style and a disposition to pass with no unnecessary delay from one subject to the next distinguish Mrs. William Wilson Sale's handsome volume on "Old Time Belles and Cavaliers" (Lippincott), a collection of thirty biographical studies beginning with Pocahontas and ending with Anne Carmichael. Mrs. Sale (Edith Tunis Sale she signs her name to her book) believes that "the stories of womanly heroism and manly bravery with which the lives of the old time belles and cavaliers are indelibly associated should be familiar to all readers of American history; for while the English men and women of that day were lounging at court or taking their ease at Bath, their kinsmen and women over the sea were suffering and enduring the privations of war and discomforts of life in a new country." Accordingly the claims of the more prominent of these belles and cavaliers to our admiration are touched upon in a manner to entertain and never to weary in Mrs. Sale's book. Robert Carter, or "King" Carter, William Byrd, Mary Ball and Martha Dandridge (mother and wife, respectively, of Washington), Alice De Lancey, Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), Peggy Chew and Peggy Shippen, Dolly Payne, Theodosia Burr, with others of equal note, have their characters briefly drawn and the things for which they are to be remembered recalled to mind, while there is no lack of portraits to help fix the various personages in one's mind. The book forms a sort of national portrait gallery,—or one room, of peculiar interest, in such a gallery.

"An attempt to catch the spirit of the keen joys of the winter season" is the explanatory sub-title of "A Book of Winter Sports" (Macmillan), edited by Mr. J. C. Dier and illustrated in lively manner with both colored plates and half-tone reproductions of photographs. The sources from which readable and often instructive matter has been taken are numerous and varied. Dickens, Burns, de Amicis, Christopher North, Blackmore, "The Scientific American," "Outing," "The Saturday Review," with many other writers and a few other periodicals, have been drawn upon for chapters on ice-motoring, skating, curling, snow-shoeing, skiing, tobogganing, sleighing, and other ice and snow pastimes. The newest and therefore perhaps the most interesting of these sports is ice-motoring, while the wind-driven ice-yacht is still a fascinating toy and one that, under

favorable conditions, can still outstrip the gasoline-propelled sledge. Directions and diagrams for building certain kinds of ice craft are given in the book; but these may of course be omitted by those not mechanically gifted, who will find more pleasure in "Mr. Winkle on the Ice," from "Pickwick," or the song of "The Jolly Curlers" by James Hogg, both of which, and many other readable miscellanies of a nature suitable to the book's purpose, are to be met with between its covers. The selections are all short, and the volume has that brisk air appropriate to the winter season which it celebrates.

An echo of the Dickens centennial reaches our shores in Mr. Edwin Pugh's careful and interesting work on "The Charles Dickens Originals" (Scribner). Of the real characters that inspired the novelist to the creation of their famous doubles in fiction no genuine Dickens-lover will ever tire of reading. Such chapters as those of Mr. Pugh on Mary Hogarth, Maria Beadnell, the Brothers Cheeryble, some Pickwickians, relics from "The Old Curiosity Shop," certain criminal prototypes, and so on, afford both entertainment and instruction. The portraits in the volume are many and interesting, as for example that of Sam Vale ("Sam Weller"), Henry Burnett ("Nicholas Nickleby"), Mary Hogarth ("Kate Nickleby" and other characters), Maria Beadnell ("Dolly Varden" and other characters), Mrs. Cooper ("Little Dorrit"), John Dickens ("Mr. Micawber"), Lord Mansfield ("Barnaby Rudge"), and many more. An index of names and book-titles closes the book. Mr. Pugh is already known as the author of "Charles Dickens, the Apostle of the People," and his qualifications for such a work as the present will not be questioned. The book, with its frontispiece reproducing the Maclise portrait of Dickens, and with its other attractive features, is one of the most inviting of recent works about the great novelist.

The proverbial Irishman, the Irishman of the Victorian novelists and dramatists, vanishes like an illusion dispelled in Mr. George A. Birmingham's chapters on "The Lighter Side of Irish Life" (Stokes). Seen with the eyes of this native of Erin, Patrick becomes a much less picturesque and amusing character, a much more matter-of-fact and unimaginative mortal, than it pleases us to conceive him. "Nothing is more characteristic of the Irishman to-day than his freedom from illusion and his power of seeing facts," declares Mr. Birmingham, and we are glad to arrive at the truth of the matter as he sees it. But he half acknowledges that the accepted and familiar picture of Patrick as he used to be may not have been entirely false. With all this stripping of the Irishman of his picturesque trappings, however, there remains enough of interest and charm in his personality to furnish material for a baker's dozen of unusually readable and often amusing sketches in the author's best vein. He takes occasion, naturally enough, to insist that the Irish bull is really "an example of abnormal, perhaps morbid, mental quickness." Mr. Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A., contributes six-

teen colored plates, showing the Irishman rather more in accordance with the popular ideal of him than do the pages they illustrate.

Two years ago the Goncourt prize for the best piece of imaginative writing of the year was awarded to M. Louis Pergaud for his animal stories, "De Goupil à Margot," published by the "Mercure de France." These stories, six in number and dealing chiefly with the tragic fate of as many wild creatures in their unequal encounters with their foes (usually of the human kind), are now retold by Mr. Douglas English in our own tongue, under the general title, "Tales of the Untamed," with illustrations by Mr. English. Adapter, not translator, he calls himself, urging that anything like literalness of rendering was found to be impossible. In his telling, the stories are full of a pathetic interest, and yet the pathos is never strained, the naturalness of it all never spoilt. The pictures, which seem to be photographs from nature, are as true to life as could be desired. Mr. English is already known for his "Photography for Naturalists" and also his "Book of Nimble Beasts." His new volume should find wide favor as a gift for the nature-lover. (Outing Publishing Co.)

Philadelphia and its environs can boast of a greater number of historic colonial residences, still in a good state of preservation and most of them occupied by descendants of the original owners, than any other city in America. A stately quarto volume descriptive of these "Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood" has been prepared by Mr. Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Mr. Horace Mather Lippincott, who have from infancy been familiar with many of the houses described. More than fifty of these early examples of domestic architecture have their history and associations narrated in the book, with a great number of accompanying views, exterior and interior, from photographs. Numerous other old houses of the city and its suburbs are mentioned, but the limits of space have made it impossible to do more. Among the more famous of colonial homes met with in turning the book's pages are the Wister house, at Fourth and Locust streets; Provost Smith's house, at Fourth and Arch streets, where Lowell and his bride were entertained in 1844; the Solitude, Fairmount Park, built by John Penn, grandson of William Penn; James Logan's house, known as Stenton, at Germantown; the Wayne homestead, Waynesborough; and the houses associated with such old Philadelphia names as Willing, Wharton, Morris, Shippen, Brinton, Ashhurst, Penrose, Pennypacker, Shoemaker, and Wain. The book is printed from type, in a limited edition; and with its many pleasing illustrations and artistic binding leaves little to be desired as an example of what is best in fine book-manufacture. It bears, appropriately, the imprint of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. Walter Wood, believing that "it may well be that we have reached a stage when all the nations must say 'Halt!'" in connection with battleship con-

struction and naval expenditure," commemorates this epoch in naval history by preparing an historical and descriptive account, from a British point of view, of "The Battleship" (Dutton). From the first ship-of-the-line in Henry the Seventh's reign to the twentieth-century Dreadnaught, he traces the history of battleship construction and the manners and customs of Jack Tar and his commanding officers, through four centuries of English naval development. Mr. Frank H. Mason, R.B.A., enlivens the narrative with eight striking illustrations in color, while many more pictures are supplied from old prints and modern photographs. An original poem lamenting the fate of a splendid battleship insidiously done to death by a submarine is prefixed to his notable book by the author. Since, as Mr. Wood points out, "there is no book in our language which deals solely with the battleship, both sail and steam," his scholarly and handsome volume supplies a real want. Its pages, are alive with interesting facts, and its many illustrations are appropriate and helpful to an understanding of the subjects discussed.

Those who enjoy gardening, and others also, will find pleasure in "The Four Gardens" (Lippincott), by "Handasyde," with colored illustrations and line drawings by Mr. Charles Robinson. The four gardens are the haunted garden, the old-fashioned garden, the poor man's garden, and the rich man's garden, all being such gardens as are to be seen in England and Scotland, and all redolent of odors familiar to garden-lovers. The first-named of these gardens has a ghost, pictured in the frontispiece, and a very old stone wall; also a children's corner, sheltered and sunny, where mint and sage grow against the old wall, and where the children do all the gardening with three tools shared in common and a shilling a year to each child for seeds. The gardening diary of one of the children contains an entry that may recall to the reader some of his own childhood likes and dislikes. "If all the garden belonged to me I would never plant potatoes." In the rich man's garden we see the owner, John Hardress, slowly pacing its broad paths and looking mostly at his boots, which are polished to perfection. Each of these gardens has its distinct character, and the artist has ably seconded the author in making that character appreciable to the reader. The book is beautifully printed and bound.

Tributes to Lincoln are always in order. In a thin quarto of artistic design are brought together, under the general title, "Memories of President Lincoln," Walt Whitman's beautiful poems, — "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," "O Captain! My Captain!" "Hushed be the Camps To-day," and "This Dust was Once the Man," preceded by the "Gettysburg Address," a preliminary word from Mr. William Marion Reedy, Mr. John Burroughs's comment on the Whitman monody, a preface by Mr. Horace Traubel, a few words from the publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, and a part of the Lincoln passage in Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." A short bibliography closes the book. The

handmade paper, large print, broad margins, decorative initial letters, and other pleasing features of this tasteful volume are worthy of the publisher whose imprint it bears. An excellent and unhackneyed portrait of Lincoln faces the title-page.

Appropriate to the season is the reappearance in richly decorated form of Mr. Bouck White's thoughtful book treating of the life of Jesus and its special significance to the world of to-day. "The Call of the Carpenter" (Doubleday) opens with a preliminary chapter calling attention to two facts which in the writer's opinion "occupy the centre of the stage, to which all other facts are tributary, and which for good or ill are conceded to be of superlative import. They are, the rise of democracy, and the decline of ecclesiasticism." But while the gap between the church and the people is widening, "this antagonism," asserts the author, "of the working class to the Church does not carry an antagonism also to Jesus. On the contrary, the Workingman of Nazareth probably never stood higher in their esteem or more ardent in their affections." One might feel tempted to try to improve the form of this statement, but the general truth that the life of Jesus, rightly presented, never fails in its appeal, remains unassailable. Hence the value of such earnest and intelligent studies as Mr. White's. The book's outward beauty will help to increase its circulation. Its colored frontispiece is by Mr. Balfour Ker, its decorations by Mr. Frank Bittner.

The annual catalogues issued by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher have for more than twenty years past held a peculiar place in the affections of book-lovers, not alone by reason of the appealing wares which they advertise or their own attractiveness of form, but also on account of the choice bits of literature scattered through their pages. These waifs and strays by many authors have now been brought together, with some revision and additions, in a delectable anthology entitled "Amphora," of which Mr. Mosher is editor as well as publisher. The title is a happy one, for the little volume is indeed "a vase filled and overflowing with wine of spiritual Life," — a jar of precious essence distilled not from the famed public gardens of literature but from the slyer and more elusively fragrant blossoming of hedge and hillside. That little company to whom literature is a passion — an affair of the heart more than of the head — will not fail in gratitude to Mr. Mosher for this happy gift. It should find a place, perhaps the chief place, on the bedside shelf of every member of that company.

The winning wiles and seductive smiles of Miss Kitty Cobb, who leaves her home in Pleasant Valley to see what the city of big hopes has in store for her, are pictured with pen and pencil by Mr. James Montgomery Flagg in thirty-one chapters, or scenes, filling a broad-paged quarto entitled "The Adventures of Kitty Cobb" (Doran). They are collected in this permanent and attractive form after serial publication in certain papers, and form a picture-book calculated to amuse children of a

larger growth. Mr. Flagg's cartoons are not, unlike Mr. Gibson's in their general manner, and are good examples of their species of art. The story part, under each drawing, is crisp and brief and very much to the point. Words and pictures fill the right-hand pages; smaller sketches of Kitty in various attitudes appear on the left.

"A Book of Beggars" (Lippincott) contains sixteen large colored pictures, drawn by Mr. W. Dacres Adams, of various sorts of mendicants,—a gipsy fortune-teller, a crossing-sweeper, two sisters of charity, a Salvation Army lassie and lad, a "suffragette," two charity-bazaar damsels, a well-nourished writer of begging letters, a sleek politician, and others. The old nursery rhyme beginning, "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark," introduces this company of beggars, and facing each picture is a more or less angry canine, sometimes two, while the front cover shows a ragged beggar subjected to the incivilities of a pair of unfriendly curs. The artist's meaning is in each instance unmistakably conveyed, and the pictures are bright and amusing.

The mother as the home-maker and the central figure of the home life forms the subject of the late Margaret E. Sangster's thoughtful and sensible volume, "The Mother Book" (McClurg). Thirty-five chapters follow the mother's course and consider her problems from the first day of her married life onward to her old age, if indeed she allows herself ever to grow old. The male members of the household, too, receive some attention, as in the chapter "About Husbands," in the one on "Bachelor Uncles and Spinster Aunts," and in the pages devoted to "The Boy and the Latch-key." Of course the servant question is discussed, and the book abounds in good suggestions on that and many other domestic problems—all set forth in Mrs. Sangster's well-known agreeable manner, and with a poem from her pen to close each chapter, beside apt selections here and there from other poets. The lavender binding of the book, its ornamental initial letters, its neat box, and other attractive features, help to commend it to the discerning seeker of gift-books.

Animal stories told in negro dialect after the manner of Uncle Remus fill a well printed and cleverly illustrated volume entitled "Behind the Dark Pines" (Appleton). The author, Miss Martha Young, opens her pages with a tribute to the old Mammy who used to delight her and other Southern children with such tales as her book contains. Fifty-five stories, full of amusing incident and sprinkled with snatches of verse, all in unmistakable darkey dialect, are told in the best manner of old Mammy. Mr. J. M. Conde's numerous drawings show a lively appreciation of the comic element in these stories, and invite to a nearer acquaintance with the text.

Recent revelations concerning the cause of the mutilation of the Venus of Melos and the original position of the missing arms make timely and welcome a translation of M. Auguste Rodin's eloquent tribute to that masterpiece of sculpture. "Venus," or, as the sub-title reads, "To the Venus of Melos,"

is in its English dress the work of Miss Dorothy Dudley, and forms a booklet of twenty-six pages, two views of the famous statue being added, together with a portrait of M. Rodin drawn by Miss Gertrude Huebsch. A little less literalness of rendering would have been advisable on the translator's part. Otherwise the book is thoroughly pleasing. (B. W. Huebsch.)

In the series of "The World's Romances," published in this country by Dana Estes & Co., there appear this year the ever-popular stories of "Siegfried and Kriemhild" and "Tristan and Iseult," told in simple and attractive manner, each within the compass of a hundred pages, and each illustrated with eight colored drawings in harmony with the manner and the period of the narrative. Mr. Frank C. Papé illustrates the "Siegfried," Mr. Gilbert James the "Tristan." Covers and jackets are also brightly adorned with pictures.

How a country boy, fresh from college, went to Chicago to seek his fortune, and just what sort of a fortune his search brought him, is told with no little cleverness of both pen and pencil by Mr. John T. McCutcheon, favorably known as cartoonist to the Chicago "Tribune," and deserving of still closer acquaintance through the pages of "Dawson, '11—Fortune Hunter" (Dodd). The story, which is told no less by the pictures than by the text, runs off with a briskness of manner and a flow of ready invention that cannot fail to be enjoyed. The collegian just ready to conquer the great world could enjoyably and profitably devote a spare hour to Dawson's case before setting forth in quest of his own fortune.

Five inviting small holiday volumes of selections call each for a few words of commendation. "A Little of Everything" (Macmillan) presents titbits from Mr. E. V. Lucas's books, chosen and arranged by himself. Characteristic essays and sketches, with a number of poems from his books of verse, make up the volume, which conveys a good idea of Mr. Lucas in his happiest vein.—Something novel in anthological literature is offered by Miss Agnes Repplier in "The Cat: Being a Record of the Endearments and Invectives Lavished by Many Writers upon an Animal much Loved and much Abhorred" (Sturgis). The author of "The Fireside Sphinx" is well qualified to compile such a collection as this of entertaining prose and verse, and to preface it with an essay both learned in feline lore and pleasing to the cat-lover. The book, well illustrated by Miss Elizabeth F. Bonsall, extends to 173 pages, to the admiration of those who had not suspected how considerable is the volume of extant cat literature.—A little book for the pocket is devoted to selections in prose and verse from those who have written in praise of gardens. "The Voice of the Garden" (Lane), as the book is called, is compiled by Mrs. Lucy Leffingwell Cable Biklé, and has a preface by Mr. George W. Cable. Under nine appropriate headings are grouped passages from a great number and variety of writers, ranging over English literature and even beyond it, but not presented to view in an alphabetical index,

as might have been wished. The book is tastefully bound in blue and gold.—“Poems of Country Life” (Sturgis), compiled by Mr. George S. Bryan, is published as a welcome addition to “The Farmer’s Practical Library.” The most practical things are sometimes said to be the ideal; hence the propriety of a book of poetry in a farmer’s library. The selected pieces of verse, ranging from Herrick’s “Harvest Home” to Ellsworth’s “Shindig in the Country,” all have the agreeable rustic tone and manner. They are grouped in seven divisions treating of country folk, country tasks, country pleasures, country blessings, country fun, country scenes, and country ties. Well-known paintings of rural scenes are reproduced to illustrate the book. The table of contents has wisely been arranged in the form of an alphabetical author-index.—“Sweet Songs of Many Voices” (Caldwell), compiled by Kate A. Wright (Mrs. Athelstan Mellersh), is a general collection of some of the best short poems of chiefly nineteenth-century English poets. A delicately ornamented binding and a colored frontispiece attract the eye. A useful closing index of first lines supplements the alphabetical author-index at the beginning.

NOTES.

“The Night-Riders,” another of Mr. Ridgwell Culman’s exciting tales of western ranch life, will be published in February by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co.

A timely publication just announced by Messrs. Duffield & Co. is “The Orient Question” by Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, a prominent Servian statesman.

“The Authoritative Life of General William Booth,” founder of the Salvation Army, has been written by his “first commissioner,” Mr. G. S. Railton, and will be published in this country by Messrs. George H. Doran Co.

“Roses of Pestum,” by Mr. Edward McCurdy, is a volume of essays on Italy and the mediæval spirit, charmingly written, and published by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher in the exquisite form that he knows how to give to a book.

The forthcoming biography of George Frederic Watts, by his widow, to which we have once or twice referred in this column, will be published on this side by Messrs. George H. Doran Co. The work promises a rich literary and artistic treat.

Three novels to be issued in February by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are the following: “The Day of Days,” by Mr. Louis Joseph Vance; “The Maiden Manifest,” by Delia Campbell MacLeod; and “On Board the Beattie,” by Anna Chapin Ray.

Mr. George M. Trevelyan has edited what seems to be a definitive edition of “The Poetical Works of George Meredith” in a single volume of six hundred pages, based on the carefully-revised text of the “Memorial” edition. The editor’s notes give this work a special value. It is published by the Messrs. Scribner.

It is reported that the recent death in London of William Flavelle Monypenny will not interfere with the completion of his important *Life of Disraeli*, the second

volume of which has just appeared. Mr. Monypenny, it seems, had practically all the material for the work ready for the publishers at the time of his death.

Professor Henry S. Canby of Yale has prepared a volume on “The Short Story,” to be published immediately by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The body of this book is a revision and enlargement of Professor Canby’s previous monograph on the short story, the principles therein laid down being illustrated by a number of specimen stories.

Beginning with its January issue the name of “Current Literature” will be changed to “Current Opinion,” and the page-size will be increased from that of the ordinary magazine to seven by ten inches. We trust these innovations may help in widening the popularity of one of the few periodicals which may be regarded as indispensable to the intelligent reader.

One of the most important books yet announced for publication in the new year is “The Mechanistic Conception of Life,” by Professor Jacques Loeb, to be issued by the University of Chicago Press. The book has been written in such a manner that the layman may understand the work done by Professor Loeb and draw his own conclusions as to the importance of the fact that living creatures have been developed without the interposition of the paternal element.

A set of seven volumes, just received, completes the forty in which Miss Charlotte Porter has given us the “First Folio” Shakespeare (Crowell). In text and critical apparatus this edition leaves little to be desired, and it is matter for congratulation that Miss Porter’s task of presenting the “trewe copy” has been so satisfactorily completed. Shakespeare is better worth reading in this form than in any modernized one, and in these days when even Chaucer is made easy by translation into current prose, it is well to be reminded that such shifts do a doubtful service to serious students of literature.

A new publishing house has been established in Chicago by Mr. F. G. Browne, for many years head of the publishing interests of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., and a member of the directory of that corporation. Mr. Browne will have associated with him Mr. Frank L. Howell, and the firm name will be F. G. Browne & Co. The first book bearing the imprint of the new firm, announced for publication in January, will be “The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth,” by Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of “The Woman from Wolverton.” Four other novels by popular authors are in preparation for issue during February and March.

One of the best-known and best-loved of American clergymen has gone from us in the death of Dr. Robert Collyer in New York City on November 30. He was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1823, and came to this country at the age of twenty-seven, continuing to follow here the trade of blacksmithing which he had learned in the mother country. After a time he turned to the ministry, first as an itinerant Methodist preacher, then as an Unitarian missionary in Chicago. In 1860 he founded Unity Church in this city, continuing as its pastor for eighteen years. In 1879 he was called to the Church of the Messiah in New York City, with which he was associated until his death. His published writings include the following: “Nature and Life,” “The Life That Now Is,” “The Simple Truth: A Home Book,” “Talks to Young Men,” “History of Ilkley in Yorkshire” (in collaboration), and “Things New and Old.”

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 100 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

- An Artist in Egypt.** By Walter Tyndale, R. I. Illustrated in color, 4to, 286 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$5. net.
- Traditions of Edinburgh.** By Robert Chambers, LL. D. Illustrated in color, etc., by James Riddell, R. S. W., large 8vo, 377 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$6. net.
- The Battleship.** By Walter Wood. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 308 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
- The Following of the Star.** By Florence L. Barclay. Illustrated in color by F. H. Townsend and decorated by Margaret Armstrong, large 8vo, 426 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- A Christmas Garland.** By Max Beerbohm. 12mo, 197 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert.** By Frances Gordon Alexander. Illustrated, 12mo, 257 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
- The Charles Dickens Originals.** By Edwin Pugh. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 347 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- The Call of the Carpenter.** By Bouck White. Holiday edition; with frontispiece in color by Balfour Ker, 12mo, 355 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Girlhood of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the Years 1832 and 1840.** Published by authority of His Majesty, the King; edited by Viscount Esher. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$9. net.
- Social Life in Old New Orleans: Being Recollections of My Girlhood.** By Eliza Ripley. Illustrated, 8vo, 332 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- George Borrow: The Man and His Books.** By Edward Thomas. Illustrated, 8vo, 333 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early, C. S. A.: Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War between the States. With Notes by R. H. Early.** Illustrated, large 8vo, 496 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50 net.
- The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields.** Edited by Ernestine Mills. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 368 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3. net.
- The Last Leaf: Observations, during Seventy-Five Years, of Men and Events in America and Europe.** By James Kendall Hosmer, LL. D. With portrait, 8vo, 340 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Notable Women of Modern China.** By Margaret E. Burton. Illustrated, 8vo, 271 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25 net.
- Leading American Inventors.** By George Hies. Illustrated, 8vo, 447 pages. "Biographies of Leading Americans." Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.
- The Story of a Good Woman, Jane Lathrop Stanford.** By David Starr Jordan. 12mo, 57 pages. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 75 cts. net.

HISTORY.

- Italy in the Thirteenth Century.** By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5. net.
- Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813.** By F. Loraine Petre. Illustrated, 8vo, 403 pages. John Lane Co. \$3.50 net.
- Smuggling in the American Colonies at the Outbreak of the Revolution.** By William S. McClellan, M. A.; with Introduction by David T. Clark. 8vo, 165 pages. "David A. Wells Prize Essays." Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- William Morris: A Critical Study.** By John Drinkwater. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 202 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50 net.

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. In 2 volumes; with photogravure frontispieces, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. Per volume, \$1.75 net.

Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated, large 8vo, 314 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3. net.

Humanly Speaking. By Samuel McChord Crothers. 12mo, 216 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Some English Story Tellers: A Book of the Younger Novelists. By Frederic Taber Cooper. With portraits, 8vo, 464 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.60 net.

All Manner of Folk: Interpretations and Studies. By Holbrook Jackson. Illustrated, 12mo, 206 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.

Carmen Sylva, and Sketches from the Orient. By Pierre Loti; translated from the French by Fred Rothwell. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 214 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

The Problem of "Edwin Drood": A Study in the Methods of Dickens. By W. Robertson Nicoll. With frontispiece, 12mo, 212 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

John and Irene: An Anthology of Thoughts on Woman. By W. H. Beveridge. 12mo, 324 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40 net.

A Boy in the Country. By John Stevenson. Illustrated, 12mo, 300 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40 net.

A Free Lance: Being Short Paragraphs and Detached Pages from an Author's Note Book. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. 8vo, 196 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net.

Solitude Letters. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt. 8vo, 216 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.30 net.

Uncollected Writings: Essays, Addresses, Poems, Reviews, and Letters. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. With frontispiece, 8vo, 208 pages. New York: Lamb Publishing Co.

Two Masters: Browning and Turgenev. By Philip Stafford Moxom. 12mo, 91 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

Poetry and Prose. By Rev. J. H. Sankey. 12mo, 52 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Success. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 12mo, 65 pages. "Riverside Press Edition." Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. net.

The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from numerous manuscripts by Walter W. Skeat, Ph. D. With frontispiece. 12mo, 732 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Works of Gilbert Parker, Imperial Edition. Volumes I. and II. With photogravure frontispieces, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendixes, by Frank Maldon Robb. With portrait, 12mo, 390 pages. "Oxford Edition." Oxford University Press.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

The Eldest Son: A Domestic Drama in Three Acts. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 74 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cts. net.

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